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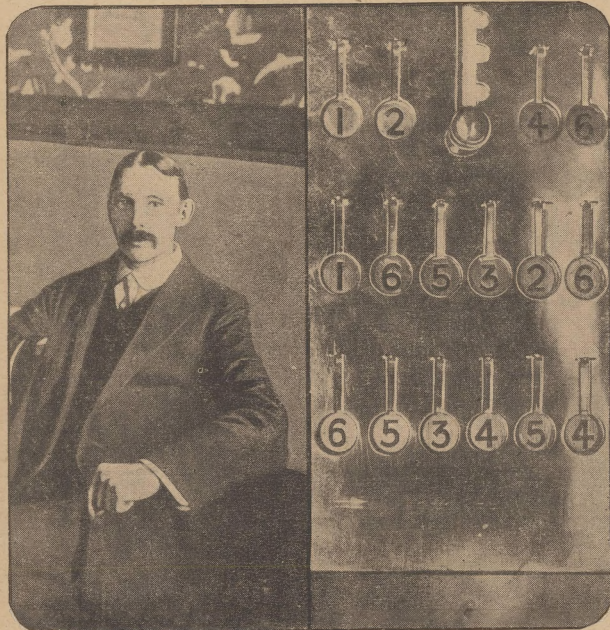
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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

MR. WALL AND HIS "LUCK" MACHINE.



Mr. Wall and his "Luck Machine." With the aid of this simple piece of mechanism he is playing at Monte Carlo, and steadily winning. He believes the machine will enable him to beat the bank.

AT THE GATE OF PORT ARTHUR.



Japanese officers and war correspondents studying the country towards Golden Hill from the heights of Hoozan during the latter days of the investment.—(Copyright: Underwood and Underwood.)

WORK FOR THE WORKLESS.



In the brickfield at the Salvation Army farm colony at Hadleigh, where work has been found for some of the unemployed.



The portrait above is of General Nogi's most trusted dispatch-rider. The historical message of the surrender of Port Arthur would, without doubt, be carried by him for the first stage of its long journey.—(Copyright: Underwood and Underwood.)

FOR FURTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

PORT ARTHUR OCCUPIED.

Japanese March Into a Wilderness of Debris.

VICTORS' TERMS.

Officers on Parole — Men as Prisoners of War.

DRAMATIC DETAILS.

How Brave Stoessel Was Brought to Surrender.

The capitulation of Port Arthur was completed yesterday, and the Japanese are in possession of the fortress.

The terms are:—
Officers to return to Russia on parole.
Soldiers to be sent to Japan as prisoners.

Yesterday the victorious Japanese took possession of Port Arthur.

At 9.45 on Monday night the compact of surrender had been signed by the commissioners.

By this agreement Russian officers and officials are permitted to return to Russia on parole, the officers retaining their swords.

The capitulation compact indicates, however, that the Russian soldiers will be sent to Japan as prisoners.

Triumph was curiously blended with dismay in the breasts of the victors as they marched through the deserted streets of the captured fortress, where the boom of the great siege guns was still at last.

The prize for which they had contended through so many weary months, and for which each man among them had cheerfully offered his life so many times, was now, in the words of one who survived the siege, "A debris-strewn desert."

As soon as the determination to surrender had been fixed, the defenders set about completing the work of destruction so effectively begun by their assailants.

The sunken warships were mined and fired, forts, warehouses, and public buildings were blown up, while docks and magazines were destroyed on every side.

Of their prisoners of war, only 5,000 spectral figures stood under arms, staring at their conquerors from dull, lack-lustre eyes. Their instant care was required by 15,000 sick and wounded.

The work of 10,000 men of the victorious army is required to repair the forts and clear away the heaped-up ruins that block every thoroughfare. The remainder of the investing army, under the all-conquering General Nogi, will at once go north to reinforce Marshal Oyama upon the Sha-ho.

DEBRIS-STREWN DESERT.

Not One of Port Arthur's Magnificent Buildings Remains.

CHIFU, Tuesday.—Sub-Lieutenant Klisovitch, commanding the last launch that left Port Arthur, says:—"Not a shot has been fired during the past two days. What the Chinese heard last night was the Russians blowing up the forts, ships, magazines, warehouses, and docks and everything else of value. When I left the fortress and town were almost completely wrecked. The warships died hard; several explosions being necessary."

It is a mere handful of broken men who surrender, and but a debris-strewn desert that the Japanese gain. Not one of Port Arthur's magnificent public works remains.—Reuter.

MIKADO'S CARE FOR WOUNDED.

A Tokio telegram received in Rome, according to the Exchange, states that General Stoessel, in discussing the conditions of surrender, first of all asked General Iijichi, who represented General Nogi at the conference, to have those wounded and sick who were in a serious condition removed from Port Arthur. It is stated that the Mikado has therefore given orders to the effect that steamers fitted with a full complement of medical and surgical appliances shall be sent to Port Arthur for the transportation of the Russian wounded and sick to Japan.

BLOWN-UP FLEETS.

Two Tokio papers, the "Nichi Nichi," and the "Jiji Shimpo," criticise very severely General Stoessel's action in destroying warships and wrecking forts after offering surrender.

A Reuter message, however, declares that the opinion in naval circles in Tokio is in direct opposition to that expressed by the "Jiji Shimpo" and "Nichi Nichi Shimbun."

Scurvy Mowing Down the Garrison and Want of Ammunition.

The dispatches sent to Chifu by General Stoessel on the escaped torpedo-boats were yesterday published in St. Petersburg.

The first, according to Reuter, is dated December 28, in which the General says:—

"The position of the fortress is becoming very painful. Our principal enemies are scurvy, which is mowing down the men, and 11-inch shells, which know no obstacle and against which there is no protection."

"There only remain a few persons who have not been attacked by scurvy. We have taken all possible measures, but the disease is spreading."

"The passive endurance of the enemy's bombardment with 11-inch shells, the impossibility of replying for want of ammunition, the outbreak of scurvy, and the loss of a mass of officers—all these causes diminish daily the defence."

The General then enumerates the losses incurred among the higher officers.

Of nine regimental commanders, four had died and four more were wounded.

In a further dispatch, dated December 29, the capture of a fort is described.

"After blowing up part of the parapet the Japanese about three o'clock in the afternoon dashed to the attack of the parapet from the moat and the glacis where they had been holding themselves in readiness."

"Two attacks were repulsed, but the Japanese occupied the funnel-shaped opening formed by the explosion, and, reinforced by their reserve, began

How the War-worn Garrison Lost Power of Speech.

MEN SLEEP STANDING.

CHIFU, Monday.—Captain Kartzoff, in an interview he gave me to-day, said:—"Port Arthur falls of exhaustion—not only of ammunition, but also of men."

"In the casemates of the forts one saw everywhere faces black with starvation, exhaustion, and nerve strain. You spoke to them, and they did not answer; but stared dumbly in front of them."

"Many forts had nothing to return the fire of the enemy with. The Russians sat in the casemates firing no more than one shot to the Japanese 200. Then, when the assault came, they repulsed the enemy with the bayonet."

"But the men themselves, feeding for three months on reduced rations, were so worn that it is marvellous that they stood the final strain so long."

"Yesterday Stoessel still wanted to fight. His wounds, received early in the siege, had been bothering him, but his determination to fight as long as one man stood was undiminished."

"But we cannot fight," said his generals. "Our men cannot move. They sleep standing. They do not see a bayonet at their breasts. We can order, but they cannot obey." "Then you, generals, fight," cried Stoessel, clenching his fists. "He seemed fanatical on the subject, but was finally brought to see reason by the insistence of a

BALTIC FLEET WAITING AT MADAGASCAR.

Admiral Rojestvensky's fleet of five battleships and five cruisers, having rounded the Cape of Good Hope, has arrived at Sainte Marie island, off the coast of Madagascar. The men are in a state of nervous anxiety, declaring that British cruisers have been spying on them and informing Japanese agents of their movements. Admiral Togo's fleet is in the China Sea, ready to meet Rojestvensky. The Baltic Fleet's course, if it continues to sail eastward, is marked on the above map.



to run across the moat in groups. About five o'clock they occupied the parapet, and at dusk about two battalions had made their way into the interior of the fort.

"Our troops fought from the entrenchment, which was badly damaged. A part of our troops hid themselves in the casemates, but the Japanese placed machine-guns in front of the exit from the casemates, thus depriving the men hidden there of any possibility of leaving the casemates to make any attack. Three counter-attacks which were made from without by our reserves, met with no success."

EFFECT ON 'CHANGE.

Japanese Bonds Rise—Russian Credit but Little Affected.

It is interesting to note the effect of the Port Arthur news on Stock Exchanges at home and abroad. Russian bonds were no doubt supported. They were ex-dividend of £1, and so the lowest price touched of 89½ was really only ½ lower of the day, instead of the 1½ which at first sight it looked. But even this loss of ½ was quite recovered before the finish.

As regards Japanese bonds, there was, of course, a considerable improvement, gains of 1½ being practically the rule, but Russian credit in any case is not apparently shaken by the news. People say that the resources of the empire are vast, and there seems to be no fear that France will hesitate to provide the money for the new loan, even apart altogether from the question of German support, which is not likely to be wanting.

As regards Japan, the financial influence of the success is, of course, great.

According to a Reuter dispatch from Constantinople, the Porte has again forbidden, notwithstanding recent solemn assurances, the hawking of Bibles by agents of Bible Societies.

Shadowed by British and Feeling Nervous Strain.

WHAT WILL IT DO?

The Baltic Squadron, under Admiral Rojestvensky, which has been signalled off Madagascar, is likely to stay there.

Captain Klado, who has been interviewed in Paris, says it will probably wait until Admiral Rojestvensky has received a more powerful fleet than Togo's.

"We shall never reconquer Port Arthur," said the captain, "unless we first obtain command of the sea. If this is beyond us, then let us sign peace at once; but Russia must consent to no matter what sacrifices in order to obtain a fleet capable of crushing Admiral Togo and recapturing Port Arthur."

ROJESTVENSKY'S DILEMMA.

Can Neither Proceed with Hope Nor Return with Glory.

A prominent official of the Japanese Legation in London, in the course of a brief conversation with a Press representative, said they could gather no idea of the possible effect of the capitulation on the general campaign, and what was of more immediate interest was the effect it was likely to have on the mission of the Baltic Fleet.

He suggested that although such a course would be a severe blow to the naval prestige of Russia, the only reasonable course which appeared to be open to the Russian Government was to recall Admiral Rojestvensky.

BRITISH "SPIES."

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—The "Novoye Vremya" says:—"We learn from a trustworthy source that Admiral Rojestvensky's squadron is being closely followed by British cruisers with every means of informing Japanese agents, who have been posted at a number of ports on the way to the Far East, of every movement of the Russian squadron."

WELSH "YACK SHEPPARD."

Irishman Charged with Assault and Robbery in Lonely Welsh Mansion.

There was a sequel in Abergele Police Court yesterday to the terrible encounter which Mr. Wynn, the occupant of a lonely Welsh mansion, recently had with a ruffian.

Timothy Swift, alias Thomas Doyle, an Irishman, was committed to the assizes on a charge of robbery with violence.

It was stated that Mr. Wynn, a wealthy gentleman, who lives alone at Garthwina, a large mansion situated in a romantic spot in the parish of Llanfairfawr, discovered the prisoner in an out-house in his grounds, and was set upon by him and made to give up his revolver.

Mr. Wynn's hands were next tied, and he was relieved of his watch and some gold.

Eventually, Wynn got his hands free and made himself secure in his bedroom, afterwards effecting an escape by tying the bedsheets together and lowering himself through the windows.

A few hours later the prisoner was arrested at Abergele.

£200,000 DONATION.

Lord Mount Stephen Makes a Munificent Gift to King's Hospital Fund.

Lord Mount Stephen has made a munificent gift of £200,000 in Bonds to the King's Hospital Fund.

Writing to the Prince of Wales on New Year's Day, Lord Mount Stephen, after saying he was sorry to hear that the anonymous offer to contribute the necessary capital to provide one-third of the annual sum required to make the fixed income of the King's Hospital Fund up to £250,000 a year had lapsed in consequence of the inadequacy of the response to the appeal made, added that he would make the following contribution:—

£100,000 Argentine Government Bonds.
£100,000 Buenos Ayres Water Works Bonds.

These bonds yield an income of £11,000 a year, leaving £23,000 a year to be provided for.

King Edward has written to Lord Mount Stephen thanking him for the "magnificent donation," which he hopes will place the fund in a sound permanent position.

OLDEST ENGINE-DRIVER DEAD.

The death took place, at Preston, yesterday, at the age of eighty-five, of John Waterworth, the oldest ex-engine-driver in the world.

Mr. Waterworth, who was always known as "Red Jack," during his thirty-seven years' experience travelled over two million miles without a single accident.

WELL-TO-DO REVIVAL.

Coming Religious Campaign Against West End Indifference.

NOBLEMEN INTERESTED.

The miners of Wales are not to be the only objects of "revival" enthusiasm. The rich people of London are to be the next to receive attention. It is largely with that object that the Rev. Dr. A. Torrey and Mr. C. M. Alexander will start meetings at the Albert Hall on February 4. This mission is supported by many leading men and women, including the Earl of Portsmouth, Lord Wimborne, Canon Fleming, the Marquis of Northampton, and Sir Robert Anderson. Clergy of all denominations are preparing for the occasion. "If any part of London needs a revival," says the Bishop of Kensington, "it is the West End."

The churches and chapels all over Western London are sending singers of both sexes to make up a choir 1,000 strong.

Yesterday they practised together in the Albert Hall. The only instrumental music will be a grand piano, played by Mr. Harkness, a wonderful musician "discovered" by the evangelists in Australia.

Mr. Alexander is the musical leader of the mission. He is a man of great magnetic force, and is the gift of controlling great audiences.

After he has "attuned" the meeting, Dr. Torrey pours forth his eloquence.

The "glory song" has already electrified Manchester and Liverpool. Soon it will sweep through London; all the boys will whistle it. Here is one verse:

When all my labours and trials are o'er,
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore
Will through the ages be glory for me.
Oh! that will be glory for me.

To prepare the West End for the mission every well-to-do will be visited and invitations left. In all 50,000 calls will be made.

In two years Dr. Torrey has addressed 6,200,000 people. He is a Yale University man, and was brought up for the Bar.

Mr. Alexander married into the family of Cadbury, the chocolate king, of Birmingham.

Mr. Harkness is a composer who frequently, on the spur of the moment, sits down to the piano and makes up one of the haunting melodies found in the Revival Hymn-book.

WELSH PROPHET AND THE RICH.

The effect of Evan Roberts, the Welsh collector, on the well-to-do was strikingly illustrated yesterday at Swansea. His audience consisted mostly of well-dressed people, but they responded as heartily as the colliers to the preacher's fervour. Prayers were uttered for wicked London, which Mr. Roberts will visit shortly.

BATCH OF BY-ELECTIONS.

Mid End Polling Fixed for To-morrow Week
—The North Dorset Vacancy.

The nominations of Mr. Harry Lawson and Mr. Straus as candidates for Mile End will be taken on Monday next, and the polling is fixed for the following Thursday. The campaign is being continued with the utmost activity and some acrimony.

The North Dorset by-election will be fought on the fiscal question.

Sir Randolph Baker, Bart., the Conservative candidate, is a supporter of Mr. Balfour's policy, while Mr. A. W. Wills, the champion of the Liberals, is an uncompromising free-trader.

Though Sir Randolph was nominated three months ago he is not prepared for the election. Mr. Wills has been nursing the constituency for several years and has delivered over 150 speeches.

Yesterday the writ for the Stalybridge by-election was received. The poll will be taken on Saturday.

Mr. James Bell, jun., of Enterkine, Ayrshire, and a London barrister, has been chosen the Conservative and Liberal Unionist candidates for South Ayrshire, in the place of Sir William Arrol, who is retiring.

MR. JOHN BURNS'S PLUCK.

At Blackburn yesterday the funeral took place of John Parkin, manager of the Blackburn Engineering Works, and at one time a workmate of Mr. John Burns, M.P.

Parkin, who twenty-five years ago was the chief engineer of the United African Trading Company at Akassa, used to tell a good story of Mr. John Burns. Once a steamer propeller broke in the River Niger. Parkin prepared to dive for it. "No," said John Burns, "you are married. I will fetch it up."

NEWSPAPER CONSOLIDATION.

The "St. James's Gazette" is shortly to be merged into the "Evening Standard," the famous Conservative organ which Mr. C. Arthur Pearson recently purchased.

The "St. James's Gazette" was born in 1880.

MOTOR-OMNIBUS TO STAY.

Many More Up-to-date Vehicles for London Traffic.

London will soon be provided with a great motor-omnibus service.

The directors of the London Road Car Company, in announcing the issue of the remaining share capital, intimate their decision to replace horse-traction by motor. The process will of course be a gradual one, but already fifty of the vehicles have been ordered at a cost of about £800 apiece.

Another well-known omnibus company, Thomas Tilling, Ltd., who have experimented with three motor-omnibuses, are ordering eleven more.

"Of course motor-omnibuses pay," said Mr. H. Tilling. "If those we are now running did not pay better than the old horse-omnibuses we should not have decided to make the 'Times' route—Peckham to Oxford-circus—entirely a motor-omnibus route."

"They are faster than the electric trams, and in an ordinary day's work each motor-omnibus carries 1,000 passengers."

"I am certain that electric tramcars will be superseded by motor-omnibuses. In the case of the latter there is no costly street upheaval; they get through the traffic more easily, and if one breaks down a whole system is not deranged."

In the opinion of this and other authorities the work now done by London's 2,500 horse-omnibuses would be performed more quickly, cleanly, and comfortably by 1,250 motor-omnibuses.

Hastings, Brighton, Birmingham, and Eastbourne are among the provincial towns with successful motor-omnibus services.

WOOL WITHOUT SHEEP.

Process Whereby Slag May Become Warp and Wool for the Weaver.

A new and valuable use has been found for the great banks of slag that make certain districts of Teesside hideous from the windows of a railway carriage.

By means of a patent process it is proposed to convert the unsightly heaps into a substance resembling wool.

The process by which this is achieved is that of running molten slag into a cupola, tapping the cupola, and blowing the melted slag through a fine wire screen.

It comes out in a long, white, woolly fibre, which, to the eye and touch, is hardly distinguishable from sheep-wool.

This product is the best non-conductor known, and is rapidly taking the place of charcoal.

It is used for boiler coverings, for insulating electric wires on steamers, and for deadening sound.

It also possesses the valuable properties of being fire-proof and non-combustible.

GIANT OF THE FOREST.

Australian Bush Fires Destroy the Tallest Trees in the World.

A bush fire has just destroyed the "Neerin Giant," one of the most famous of the giant eucalypts of South-Eastern Australia.

The "Neerin Giant," writes our Melbourne correspondent, was 48 ft. in girth and 325 ft. high, but is dwarfed by the "Warrior," at Warburton, said to have been the highest tree in the world. The "Warrior," which was blown down in a storm, measured 68 ft. round the trunk 6 ft. from the ground, and was 434 ft. in height.

The area over which these forest giants grow is a limited one, and many of the best-known specimens have recently fallen before bush fires and the woodman's axe.

The age of these trees is at least 1,000 years, and no effort is being made by the Australians to plant trees in order to replace those which are disappearing so fast from the face of the land.

HUMOURS OF THE LATIN TONGUE.

The LL.D. diploma, which is being presented by Glasgow University to the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is full of weird Latin confections.

There being no Latin equivalent for "Her Royal Highness," the rendering "Domina Regia illustrissima" (most illustrious royal lady) has been resorted to.

Similarly the title "Duchess" is rendered "Joannis Ducis De Argathella Uxor," or wife of John Duke of Argyll.

MECHANICAL EARLY RISER.

Mr. Henry Cunyngame yesterday continued his series of lectures on "Ancient and modern methods of measuring time." Among the models which he showed were several old German oil-clocks, which indicated the hour by the size of the flame, and a clockwork arrangement for compelling boys too fond of bed in the mornings to turn out at a proper hour—the whisking off of the coverlet being followed, in case of continued sloth, by a douche of cold water.

DESERTED HOTELS.

No Table d'Hôte Diners, and No Champagne Drinkers.

PLEAS OF POVERTY.

There are more servants than visitors in London hotels to-day, and the wages sheet, on the average, is almost equal to the takings.

In words to this effect a manager yesterday bemoaned the tightness of money that was either preventing people from travelling or compelling them to seek the cheaper terms of boarding-houses.

One large West End hotel only had thirty guests during last week, and the table d'hôte room was almost empty. Another large hotel has reduced the price of the table d'hôte by 2s. 6d. in order to tempt the impecunious pockets of patrons.

Exclusive hotels have reduced the terms to their patrons in order to get them to extend their stay

MAJOR-GENERAL IJICHI.



General Noji's Chief of Staff, who met General Stoessel's commissioners and arranged the terms of the surrender of Port Arthur.

in town, and other concessions have been made by including baths and attendance in the charge for the rooms.

In former years the hotels reaped a considerable profit by supplying their guests with hampers of wines and spirits to send to their friends, but very little has been done either at Christmas or the New Year in this line.

In the restaurants of the hotels the consumption of wines has fallen away so alarmingly that it has become a serious matter for the consideration of the directors.

Waiting for Something To Turn Up.

Champagnes and clarets of rare vintages have fallen into disuse, while their place is usurped by Scotch whisky, minerals, and lager beer.

"We can do nothing to bring in business, and must wait," said one of London's most popular managers, "until the tide of trade turns again."

"I know several members of the Stock Exchange and other business men in the City who used to drive up to the door in expensive motor-cars and order dinner regardless of cost."

"To-day these same gentlemen walk quietly to the hotel and go down to have a modest snack in the grill-room."

"I have asked everyone for the reason of this depression, and the only answer is, 'Absolutely nothing doing and no money about. Those who have an keep it tightly locked up. Better times coming, but cannot say when.'"

Provincial hotels are, if anything, doing worse than the London houses. A wealthy proprietor who owns three large hotels in the Midlands has been in the habit of inviting forty guests to spend Christmas with him. He issued the invites early in October, and received the acceptances.

Early in December he wrote to his friends regretting that owing to the continuous bad state of trade he could not see his way to go to the expense of entertaining them.

One inference deducible from the situation is that men are at least not ashamed to plead poverty and lop off luxuries accordingly.

POPULAR MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

So great has been the demand for reserved seats for Mr. Chamberlain's meeting next week at Preston, which range in price from 5s. to 10s. each, that the tickets were all disposed of a week ago.

The free tickets are nearly all distributed, and number from 4,000 to 5,000.

In strange contrast to the frost on Sunday the weather at Scarborough yesterday was quite spring-like.

KING THE BEST SHOT.

His Majesty Shoots Wild Duck with Unerring Aim.

Capital sport with the wild duck was enjoyed yesterday by the King and eight of the Duke of Devonshire's house-party at Chatsworth. They drove in a brake drawn by four horses, with out-riders, to Bunkers Hill.

The guns got to work about 11.30, and there was an abundance of birds, wild duck and pheasants predominating, but the strong wind sent them rather wild and high, severely testing the capabilities of the sportsmen.

The King, who made but little use of the rest that was carried round, shot with an almost unerring aim, and at each drive took up a position that permitted the public to have a good view. His Majesty was the best shot of the party.

When moving from one cover to the next his Majesty rarely availed himself of the cob that was led in readiness for his use.

The Duke of Devonshire walked round with his guests, and the Queen, with Lady Gosford and two other ladies of the house-party, drove up in a wagonette and pair.

After lunching at the house, Mr. Balfour and other golfers went on to the links with Ben Sayers, Jack White, and Taylor, the professionals taking part in foursomes. Her Majesty was an interested spectator of the play.

There are now several motors at Chatsworth, including those of the King, and it is evident that trips round the Peak District are to form an important feature of the week's doings.

MURDERED MASTERPIECES.

Monotonous Choral Society Singing and "Other Blots on English Music."

For the first time in its history the Incorporated Society of Musicians is now holding its annual conference at Manchester, the city of its birth. At the town hall yesterday the Lord Mayor heartily welcomed the delegates.

In a paper on "Some Blots on English Music," Mr. T. Henderson, of Newcastle, attributed the general weakness of orchestral societies to the fact that a musician immediately lost his position on joining a theatre orchestra. In Germany it was an honour to do theatre work.

The excellence of our brass bands was a matter of astonishment. It was due to careful tuition and persistent rehearsing.

The rendering by many choral societies of oratorios was dreary and deplorable. He had heard Handel sung from beginning to end with only two detectable varieties of tone—one loud and the other a little louder.

SPARE THE NELSON RELIC.

Prospect of Our Only Trafalgar Prize Being Broken Up for German Firewood.

Our only remaining Trafalgar prize, the old Implacable, now doing duty as a training ship at Devonport, is in danger of going across the North Sea to supply firewood for German stoves.

The Implacable, says the "Pall Mall Gazette," is after the Victory the most interesting man-of-war in the world, and the next oldest ship of any sort in the world.

Originally known as the Duguay Trouin, the ship was captured by one of Nelson's squadrons off Cape Finisterre, and renamed the Implacable.

"The 'DAILY MAIL' YEAR BOOK seems to treat in one way or another every subject that has interested the public during the past year. . . . A volume which shows much ability both in the handling and in the selection of matter."

Says "THE TIMES,"

While the "SCOTSMAN" remarks:

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THIS REMARKABLE
REFERENCE WORK
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396 Pages Crammed
with Facts.

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AT ALL BOOKSTALLS AND BOOKSELLERS.

Strenuous Ladies at the New Year Cheap Sales.

POLICY OF GRAB.

The siege of shopland was resumed yesterday. In weather slightly better than that of the previous day the ladies of London sallied forth in thousands from every suburb on bargains bent.

By the trains that brought their husbands and brothers to business they came to buy—the men to make money, the women to spend it.

Rustling contingents from Mayfair, Belgravia, and South Kensington concentrated upon Sloane-street to make their morning promenade, according to the prevailing fashion. They held possession of the pavement, and moved with difficulty from window to window.

Scanning the procession of sumptuously-attired women a shopman calculated their garments, furs, feathers, and jewellery at £500,000, which may have been well within the mark.

At Woolland's, in Knightsbridge, the fascinating bargains in the windows detained the customers some time before they stepped inside, where all was bustle and rustle. At the ribbon counter the loveliest things were disposed of at prices ranging from 6d. a yard. The saleswomen seemed bewildered, as ladies clutched ribbons, put down the money, and went off without troubling to have their purchases made up.

In fact, so great was the crush that nearly half their whole stock of ribbons has been disposed of in the first two days of the sale.

Little Lady in Tears.

Further westwards, at other haunts of fashion, similar scenes prevailed. Outside Jay's, in Regent-street, the *Daily Mirror* counted, about three o'clock in the afternoon, ten electric broughams and twenty-seven carriages discharge their eager occupants in the space of about five minutes.

The salesmen and saleswomen at Jay's hunched at the good business they were doing, that bade fair to make up for the losses experienced in the last few months of trade depression.

There was one pathetic episode. A very short lady reached up for a lovely bronzy-green hat, and just as her fingers touched it a rival purchaser, taller by inches, reached over her head and seized the prize. It was such a bargain!

The little lady shed tears—partly in sorrow and partly in anger. "Manners!" said the disappointed one. "There's better manners in White-chapel than Bayswater."

At Lewis and Allenby's, Marshall and Snelgrove's, and Dickens and Jones's, equally lively scenes were enacted. The *Daily Mirror* sent for some trifles to see how business was going, and found that anything, however small, was hard to obtain on account of the crush.

In some instances the ladies behaved inelegantly. Titled dames whose faces are well known for the frequency with which their portraits appear in newspapers, pushed and struggled for a fancied article, elbowing their way mercilessly through crowds and demanded to be served in peremptory tones.

Yet, taken all in all, the second day of the New Year sales was brighter and luckier than the first. Hundreds of ladies wore the sweetest smiles as they rolled homewards in their carriages to gloat over their bargains and to make out, succeeding days a fresh list of "things that cannot be missed if they are going cheap."

CONFESSION OF MURDER.

Man Gives Himself Up Nearly Two Years After His Alleged Crime.

Confessing to the murder of a woman at the Blue Lamp Coffee House, in Seymour-street, St. Pancras, a young Kentish Town labourer named Arthur Ransley yesterday gave himself up to the Metropolitan Police. He said that he strangled the woman and then left her.

On this statement he was charged at Clerkenwell with the wilful murder of Emma Elizabeth Rice, and remanded.

Inspector Neil informed the magistrate that a woman was found dead in the place mentioned on the morning of April 16, 1903. At the inquest, however, a verdict of Death from natural causes was returned.

THINNEST WATCHES IN THE WORLD.

REDUCED TO **25/-** FIVE YEARS' WRITTEN GUARANTEE.
Sold Elsewhere at £2 10s.
Blue Oxidised Cases - Jewelled Lever Movements.
ACCURATE TIMEKEEPERS. Post Free.

V. SAMUEL & CO.,
26, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

Mysteriously Transported from Leicester to Liverpool.

A sensational story of kidnapping is being investigated by the Leicester police.

Mr. George Austin Orme, cashier to a well-known firm of leather factors, states that he was crossing the municipal square one afternoon last week when two men suddenly attacked him, throwing a cloth over his head, and apparently drugging him.

He lost consciousness and remembered nothing further until he found himself at a railway station at Liverpool. He then discovered that he had been robbed of about £10 in gold and other articles.

A gentleman on the platform, to whom he told his remarkable story, advanced him some money to telegraph to his friends for assistance. Mr. Orme subsequently returned to Leicester and reported the matter to the police.

Britain's New Reserve of 100 Ships Comes Into Being.

IMPORTANT SCHEME.

Yesterday must be regarded as a memorable date in the naval history of Great Britain. For the new reserve fleet of over 100 vessels was then constituted—an event that marks the second step of the new regime inaugurated since Sir John Fisher became Senior Lord of the Admiralty.

In distinction to the reserve ships under the old system—which were allowed to lay empty and idle in the docks—all the ships of the new fleet are manned and kept in working order, with stores on board and ready to go to sea at a moment's notice.

At dawn yesterday nucleus crews, though got

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



The Hon. George Lascelles, brother of the Earl of Harewood, and Miss Mabel Massey, who are to be married to-day at the Abbey Church, Sherborne. [Esme Collings.]



CHILDREN'S ALDERMAN.

Touching Letters to Sir William Treloar from His Little Guests.

After his annual banquet to London's poorest children, among whom are many crippled and blind, Alderman Sir William Treloar receives numerous touching letters of thanks.

He told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday of one he received from a little guest, in which she said:—"So I close with a Pray for all of you how are so kind to his poor that God will keep you in good health to keep at work."

At the Guildhall last Monday night 1,300 children were present. Persons in every grade of society, from the King and Queen to the hawkers on Ludgate-hill, send subscriptions towards this feast. One anonymous contributor recently sent a £50 note in an open envelope; another sent two stamps, the envelope carefully closed with sealing-wax.

There are pathetic instances of self-denial among poor families. "Our subscription is only a little one this year," writes one small child, "because we have had measles."

BATTERSEA'S LONE HAND.

The determination of the Battersea Local Unemployed Committee to secede from the Lord Mayor's Committee is based on Battersea's ambition to form a distinct local fund.

"We object," said the Mayor of Battersea yesterday, "to employing men on unremunerative work—for which tools have to be provided from the fund—at a considerable distance, when we have plenty of local work which needs doing, and would enable the men to stay on the spot."

The receipts towards the Mansion House Fund yesterday amounted to about £39,000.

DETECTIVE SENT FOR TRIAL.

The private detective, John Machin Hirst, was committed for trial yesterday on various charges of burglary in South-West London. A denial was given to the statement that he had been connected with Slater's Agency.

"I was rejoicing over the fall of Port Arthur," was the excuse of a man fined at the Mansion House for being drunk at mid-day on Monday.

Evidence at the Lambeth inquest yesterday showed that, while taking a bath, Mr. Bernard Taylor, a London and South-Western Railway Company engineer, was suffocated by the fumes from a geyser.

together with difficulty, took possession of the great reserve fleet, which is split into three divisions:—

- (1) Emergency squadron of six battleships and six cruisers.
- (2) Great reserve fleet of nine battleships, twenty cruisers, and eighty-nine other craft.
- (3) Special reserve fleet of nine of the other battleships.

Two cruisers of the emergency squadron are to be stationed at each of the home ports—Devonport, Portsmouth, and Chatham—and these vessels, at once be manned, without mobilisation, the crews being formed from the surplus personnel at each port. At an hour's notice they are ready for service.

At Portsmouth, the reserve fleet, which consists of the battleships Canopus and Prince George, nine cruisers, twelve destroyers, and twenty torpedo-boats, is under the command of Rear-Admiral R. L. Groome.

At Chatham, eleven battleships, two cruisers, one gunboat, eighteen destroyers, and seven torpedo-boats were commissioned, Rear-Admiral Graham hoisting his flag on the Resolution.

A Rear-Admiral at each port has control of the new fleet, and is responsible for the ships being always ready for service. The vessels will not be kept in the dockyards, but moored in the harbours, and they will make frequent trips to sea.

The Army Council, it is announced, has decided to create a new appointment at Portsmouth—that of Forces Commandant—when the reorganisation scheme comes into operation.

GIRL RESCUES POLICEMAN.

Seeing a constable in Harrow-road attacked on all sides by men and women, a parlourmaid named Edith Franklin pluckily went to his assistance and tried to keep off his assailants until he could blow his whistle.

Her evidence at Marylebone yesterday secured the conviction of William James Fleetwood, who was sentenced to two months' hard labour. At the previous hearing, when his companion was sentenced, Fleetwood had denied assaulting the constable, and the police had not at the time ascertained the identity of the plucky parlourmaid.

BLOWS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Two brothers, William and Arthur Porter, were charged before the Stratford, E., Bench yesterday with disorderly conduct.

"He struck me and I hit him," William explained; "but it was quite friendly, sir. He is my brother, and I hadn't seen him for a long time." They were ordered to pay between them the costs of the proceedings.

How He Obtained Evidence in a Darkened Room.

When the sensational charges of tampering with Crown witnesses at a recent trial came before the Belfast City Summons Court yesterday for hearing one of the defendants, Robert Wilson, a builder and contractor, failed to answer his name. As a result a warrant for his arrest was granted.

Wilson is a well-known citizen, and for several years sat as a member of the corporation. The charges against him and other prominent men relate to the trial at which a young man named Moreland, son of a former city councillor, was sentenced under "Stead's Act" for abducting a young Jewess.

In applying for the warrant, Mr. Joseph Carr, instructed by the Attorney-General, briefly stated the facts of the case.

During the hearing of the Moreland trial at the assizes, Mr. Carr said, the defendant approached the mother of the girl, who was an important witness in the case, and asked her when he could see her privately at her own house. The detective, who had charge of the case happened to be in the house, and she put him into the parlour before admitting Wilson.

In the darkness the detective was unobserved, and he heard Wilson say he was commissioned to offer the sum of ten, twenty, or thirty pounds if she would swear she was not sure whether the girl was under sixteen, and that she had made a mistake in her previous evidence, and that the child, instead of being under fifteen, was over sixteen years old.

Producing £30, Wilson offered the money to her to swear according to his suggestion. The woman immediately replied she would not sell her daughter's honour for £2,000.

After this statement the warrant was issued.

SPELL OF BURGLARY.

Strange Example of the Fascination of Crime.

The irresistible fascination of crime to which Mr. Thomas Holmes, the well-known police court missionary, recently alluded, appears to afford the only explanation for the criminal exploits of William Cox, a ship's steward.

Cox, at Clerkenwell Sessions, yesterday, was ordered three years' penal servitude for breaking into a house at Finsbury.

A detective stated that the prisoner was a good steward, and had been on long voyages, receiving on discharge as much as £120, £100, and £80 at a time. But always, after his return to England, he started thieving—almost as soon as he landed.

Cox, the detective added, had committed dozens of robberies, had been in prison in Glasgow, Hull, London, and was "wanted" in Cardiff and Newport.

"Drink, gambling, and all the excitements of life rolled into one," a man once told Mr. Holmes, "are as nothing compared with the excitement of committing a burglary."

The joy of burglary has apparently cast its spell over Cox.

POISONED BOMBARDIER.

Verdict at the Inquest Does Not Support Murder Charge Against a Comrade.

After hearing much additional evidence at the resumed inquest at Woolwich yesterday, the jury returned a verdict of Death from Misadventure in the case of Bombardier John Bannerman, of the 143rd Battery Royal Field Artillery.

Bannerman died from the effects of poison after drinking at the invitation of Shoemith John Marsh. The evidence showed that the bombardier took up a bottle containing spirits of ammonia, which was standing near other bottles. Marsh, who has been remanded by the magistrate on a charge of murder, said to a detective "I asked him to have a drink, and before I knew what he was doing he took up the bottle of ammonia."

None of the witnesses actually saw Marsh give Bannerman the bottle to drink out of, and the jury, after deliberating for half an hour, arrived at the above verdict.



TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for "Teething Troubles."
Sold by all Chemists at 1/6 per bottle.

FOG FILTER FOR HOUSES.

Patent Process Whereby the Air Is Kept Pure in Winter.

The man who can make our dwellings and places of business impervious to fog is a benefactor indeed. It is claimed for a fog filter, invented by Dr. Bell, of Edinburgh and Harley-street, that this is precisely what it accomplishes.

Dr. Bell's filter is cheap, and consists of a preparation which is fitted into a wooden frame that can be easily attached to an open window. The impurities of the air are deposited in the filter as the current passes through.

During the recent foggy weather Dr. Bell's rooms in Harley-street were kept open, but, by means of the filter, not a vestige of fog entered. When shown to the *Daily Mirror*, yesterday, the part of the fog filter which had been in contact with the weather was entirely black, while the inner part was clean and white.

Several experiments have been made with the patent, and from its simplicity and moderate cost it seems highly worth a trial during the winter months in London.

"DEAR BROTHER" TSAR.

Bold Letter Written by Count Tolstoy When He Thought He Was Dying.

In view of the present ferment in Russia, and the Tsar's refusal of reform, great interest attaches to a letter which Count Tolstoy, the famous Socialist author, addressed to the Tsar three years ago, when Tolstoy thought he was dying.

The letter, which is translated by the "Times," begins "Dear Brother," and proceeds:—

"Such form of addressing you seems to me the most appropriate because in this letter I appeal to you not so much as to a Tsar as to a man—a brother.

"A third of Russia," continues the letter, "lies in the state of special control—i.e., outside the law. The army of police, visible and secret, goes on continually increasing. Prisons, places of exile and of penal servitude are overflowing, 'politicals' with whom working men are now classified being added to the hundreds of thousands of ordinary criminals.

"Autocracy is an outgrown form of government which may answer to the demands of a people somewhere in Central Africa, apart from the whole world, but not the demands of the Russian people, which is growing ever more enlightened by the enlightenment common to the whole world.

"The only means in our time to rule the people indeed is placing oneself at the head of the movement of the people from evil to good, from darkness to light, to lead them to the attainment of the objects nearest to this end.

"For the Russian people such a liberation can be attained only through the abolition of landed property and by the recognition of the land as a common possession.

"I know that these suggestions will be regarded by your councillors as being the height of light-mindedness; but I also know that in order not to be compelled to commit ever more and more cruel acts of violence on the people there is but one means—to advance in the first ranks towards the realisation of better forms of life.

"However great is your responsibility for those years of your reign during which you may do much good or much evil, yet still greater is your responsibility before God for your life here, upon which depends your eternal life.

"Truly desiring your true welfare,
Your brother,
Gaspria, Crimea, Jan. 16, 1902. LEO TOLSTOY."

FEAST OF DOLLS.

Pretty Christmas Ballet for the Children at the Empire Theatre.

A very charming Christmas ballet, entitled "The Dancing Doll," was produced at the Empire Theatre last night. It's one scene is a huge toy-shop, with a Christmas tree in the background, bending under its weight of toys, twinkling electric stars, and profusion of dolls.

The masterpiece of the dollshop is the marvellous dancing figure represented by Mlle. Genée, whom the proprietor shows last of all to his customers. After a dance the doll rests upon a chair.

An Etou boy, who is in the shop with his parents, rushes across and moves the arms to see how the figure works. The proprietor pushes him angrily away and weeps when he discovers that his masterpiece has been broken.

The stage darkens, and suddenly the Christmas-tree opens and Santa Claus steps forth leading a little fairy by the hand. Tripping lightly across to the broken figure she touches it with her wand, and the doll is miraculously mended, and dances off with the fairy. The lights go up and the stage again becomes animated with marching wooden soldiers, giant wooden horses, Noah's arks, and toys of all kinds.

No one need have any doubt about "The Dancing Doll" being in all respects the correct entertainment for children. Mr. Walter Dickson, the managing director, hopes to give some afternoon shows during the present holiday season.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The cruiser Essex, with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on board, left Portsmouth yesterday for Brest.

For taking matches into the Aldwarke Main Colliery, a boy has been fined 10s. at Rotherham, Yorkshire.

Speaking at Rothesay to-morrow, Mr. Graham Murray, Secretary for Scotland, will touch on the Scottish Church dispute.

LONGEVITY AT SCARBOROUGH.

Added together, the ages of 200 old women entertained to tea by the Mayor of Scarborough amounted to 13,880 years, the average age being 69.45 years.

One woman was over ninety, two over eighty-five, and eight over eighty.

BRAVE RESCUE BY A FIREMAN.

Hearing cries for help from the Alexandra Dock, Liverpool, Fireman M'Connon hurried to the spot and saw a man struggling in the water.

Although unable to swim, M'Connon immediately lowered himself into the water by means of a rope, and succeeded in bringing the drowning man safely ashore.

"YOURS REALLY."

Considerable amusement has been caused at the office of a well-known Liverpool firm by the receipt of the following letter:—

"Dear Sir,—I am with much merriment to write you this letter, to say that please, sir, don't get annoyed for my case try and give me your cat's

Prince Dhuleep Singh left Victoria yesterday morning by the boat express for the Continent.

For refusing to serve him on trust with a penny-worth of figs, a boy named Quigley, of Wigan, assaulted a shop-girl.

"Kruger's Reminiscences," originally published at 32s., are being offered by a Bristol bookseller at 2s. 6d. the two volumes.

To losses in connection with the financing of an East End eel pie shop, P. J. Dixon, a retired major, attributed his failure at the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday.

DISRAELI'S DOUBLE.

Brighton Town Council have accepted the photographs, framed together, of Lord Beaconsfield and James Gore, a local celebrity, who greatly resembled the Earl.

Gore, who was familiarly called "Dizzie" by the younger folks, was for many years a well-known figure on the front, where he sold sweetmeats.

DERELICT GIPSIES.

After spending the Christmas and New Year holiday in Wandsworth Workhouse, the two female gypsies from Lower Germany, arrested on December 23 for begging, were discharged from that establishment yesterday.

Walking two miles to the police station on Lavender Hill, they endeavoured to explain to the inspector that they wanted to know where their caravans and their friends were.

The police suggested that the friends might be

HOME OF REST FOR HORSES.



On the left of this picture is seen the aged chestnut horse Max, who rang the dinner bell to summon his companions to the New Year's feast which was given by Mrs. Gore. On the right of their equine companion is seen two pet goats, who are also inmates of the home at Acton.

logue and samples and everything perseverance to give me immediately. I have praise your name very much before I order some of your goods—I remain, yours really, Abraham E. Quarley, Chapel-street, Berracoe."

MALL EXTENSION SCHEME.

Work was commenced yesterday in connection with the scheme by which the Mall is to be extended, through the triangular plot of land in Spring-gardens, into Trafalgar-square.

Having cleared away the old elm trees between the Duke of York's Column and Spring-gardens, the construction of a widened roadway will be commenced, and young trees planted in a line with those that now skirt the thoroughfare from the site of the Queen Victoria Memorial.

ARCHBISHOP BOURNE'S APPEAL.

In his pastoral address at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Westminster, yesterday, Archbishop Bourne earnestly appealed to Catholics to liquidate the debt on that building.

Only £605, he said, had been received in donations since Cardinal Vaughan's death, and the capital debt on the cathedral amounted to £7,000. Considerable outlay, he added, was still needed for the completion of the electric light installation, the organ, and other works.

THIEVES CAUGHT BY A MOUSE-TRAP.

Having experienced several thefts of goods exposed for sale outside his shop-window, a boot-maker, of Burton-on-Trent, hit on the following device.

To a pair of slippers hanging outside he attached a long thread, the other end of which he fastened to a mouse-trap in the shop. When he waited till the trap went off, rushing outside, he was just in time to catch two women making off with the slippers.

found somewhere on Tower Hill, and after some voluble remarks which were not understood the women started on a tramp eastwards.

POETIC JUSTICE.

Swift was the retribution which befel Francis Fitzgerald, who stole a roll of lead from the roof of a condemned building near Chester-road, Manchester.

While hurrying away with his booty, Fitzgerald slipped and fell, with the result that his neck was broken by his weighty load.

WINDFALL FOR LINCOLN.

Under the will of the late Mr. John Dawber it is directed that the proceeds of his residuary estate shall be invested and the income applied annually towards charitable objects for the benefit of the city of Lincoln.

Local charities, it is estimated, will benefit to the extent of at least £3,000 a year.

HOSPITAL'S POVERTY.

Removed from Pimlico and erected, some two years ago, in the Clapham-road at a cost of £37,000, the Belgrave Hospital for Children is in a pitiable condition.

Owing to lack of funds only two wards are open, and one of these is to be closed next month.

Unless public support comes speedily, it is feared the hospital will have to be closed entirely.

HOUNDS' REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

After providing them with a continuous run for over an hour, a fox nearly lured the North Cheshire hounds to destruction.

Crossing the railway line near Wheelock, the fox was shortly followed by the hounds just as a Manchester express appeared.

The train literally divided the hounds, but not one of them sustained the least injury.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

THE BEARER OF THE SURRENDER OFFER.

The dispatch-rider who appears in the photograph on page 1 is one of General Nogai's most trusted men, and is of particular interest at the moment as the rider to whom the historic "surrender" dispatch was probably entrusted. The absolute self-denial and complete fearlessness of this man have gained him a reputation even in an army where every man is a hero. It was by the way, one of his comrades who led the charge up the hill to the East Banjusan Fort and planted his flag on the top of the wall in the brief moment before he fell riddled with Russian bullets.

TO BREAK THE BANK.

The sensation of the moment at Monte Carlo is Mr. G. Wall's "luck machine," or, as he has himself christened it, his "ten per cent. lightning calculator." It is a little silver box, about six inches long by three broad, and on its face are sixteen openings, each about the size of a sixpence, which act as indicators of the result of its mechanical calculation. The figure on page 1 gives some idea of its appearance. Mr. Wall claims that the idea embodied in his invention not only neutralises but beats the chance in favour of the bank at roulette. "I can win ten per cent. a day for life, or break the bank in a day," he is reported to have declared. But it is not the machine itself or Mr. Wall's claims for it that have aroused such keen interest among frequenters of the Casino—it is the fact that by its aid he has contrived to win steadily during play extending over a fortnight or so. Sir Hiram Maxim and other experts who have made a special study of similar mechanical calculating devices declare that it is mathematically impossible that Mr. Wall's machine can possess the qualities attributed to it; but if he can go on winning the inventor will probably not care much for their condemnation.

WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

A considerable number of London unemployed have been sent to the Salvation Army Colony at Hadleigh, in Essex, and more are to follow as soon as arrangements can be made for their reception. The men, who may be seen at work in our pictures on pages 1 and 8, are treated very liberally in the matter of diet, and so long as they work well are treated somewhat better than the Army's own colonists. They only get sixpence per week allowed them in money; but 10s. per week is sent to each man's wife, with an additional allowance for each of the children. The arrangement is supposed to be only a temporary one, pending the completion of a scheme for providing the men with work of a more directly remunerative description.

THE STAR OF THE NEW LYCEUM.

On page 9 we reproduce a portrait of La Jolie Titcomb, as the programmes call her, who is making a big success at the Lyceum. She is an American, and came over to England with the original "Belle of New York" company. Since that time she has been touring the Continent, and gaining a notable reputation as a singer. She has been touring through Russia lately, and remarks upon the general gloom prevailing in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and other centres. No one seems, she says, to have any money or any cheerfulness. The only place that appears to escape the general depression caused by war disasters and the failure of the reform movement was Kieff. Miss Titcomb, whose Christian name is the curious one, Holoisa, is shortly returning to America, but intends coming back to the Lyceum next October with a wonderful horse, "King," to give a remarkable "haute école" performance.

THE KING'S ALE.

When the King was at Burton some time ago he visited Bass's famous brewery, and started the mash-tun which commenced the brewing of a new gyle of beer. After having undergone all the further processes necessary to fit it for appearance before a critical public, the King's brew has now been bottled, and our photograph on page 9 shows the well-known brewer of Bass's, Mr. C. O. Sullivan, F.R.S., sampling the result.

MASTERY OVER FIRE.

Simple Appliance That Extinguishes a Great Blaze in a Few Seconds.

To set fire to a miniature lake of tar, soaked with paraffin and covered with shavings, and then, in five seconds, completely quench the flames, shooting twenty feet high, is a performance which to most people would seem incredible.

Yet proof that this can be done was provided to a gathering at Cleve Hill, Champion-hill, yesterday by Mr. H. Moutray Read, chief of the Pretoria and Military Fire Brigades in South Africa.

The appliance he used is known as the "Mini-mine," and is a cylinder-shaped case containing ten pints of water with a glass tube charged with carbonic acid gas in its base.

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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1905.

WHAT NEXT?

THAT is the question on everyone's lips to-day. How will the capture of Port Arthur affect the war as a whole? Will it have any effect in hastening the conclusion of hostilities?

The latter query may safely be answered in the negative. No doubt the educated stop-the-war party in Russia will redouble their efforts. But they form a very small proportion of the nation. The mass of the Tsar's subjects are only too anxious to see this heavy defeat wiped out. Their feelings are pretty much what ours would be in similar circumstances. The capitulation of the famous fortress might end the war if the Japanese were the only party concerned. It cannot be expected that Russia should view the matter in the same light.

Nor will the effect upon the operations in the north be noticeable yet awhile. There the two armies are watching one another across a huge sheet of frozen water. Skirmishes take place on the extreme wings, which, little by little, are always extending; but there will not be any more general engagements for weeks to come. In the meantime a good proportion of the besieging army will be free to join the force which has been driving Kuro-patkin before it, though it is probable that after their terrible labours they will be given some furlough before they take the field again.

Awaited by the whole of the Japanese fleet, it is more than likely that Admiral Rojdestvensky will delay his advance as much as possible. The Tsar will not directly recall him if any means can be found of saving Russia's face. On the other hand, he will be in imminent danger if the Japanese act upon the first principle of modern naval warfare and seek out their foe with the object of forcing on a fight.

From one thing Japan is perfectly safe. That is from any such interference as they had to put up with ten years ago, after they had captured Port Arthur from the Chinese, when Russia, Germany, and France ordered her peremptorily to clear out. It is all very well for three to set upon one, but when the injured One has pulled himself together and blacked both the eyes of the leader of the Three the other two generally find it wise to look the other way.

THE HORSE'S ORDER OF RELEASE.

One of the great London omnibus companies has woken up. The Road Cars that many are soon to be supplemented by a large number of motor vehicles. By the middle of the summer forty of these are expected to be at work. It is the beginning of the end of the horse in City streets.

For every reason that is an end to be heartily wished. The abolition of horses, so far as heavy traffic is concerned, will be good for us and equally good for them. No one who feels for animals can help having a sore heart as he watches the turmoil of crowded thoroughfares and notices the tired-of-life expression in the beautiful eyes of so many of the "noble animals," which, as the spelling-book tells us, have proved themselves so "very useful to man."

The benefits to man will be that he will travel more quickly; that the volume of traffic will be lessened; and that the streets will be far cleaner and more wholesome for him to walk about in. All these advantages are already reaped by those parts of London, and by other cities, which have electric trams. And motor-omnibuses will be an improvement even upon the swift, bright, comfortable tram-car, for they will not be limited to a line of rails. They will take their own path, and if one should break down it will not block the road for all the rest.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The free enjoyment of life demands not only what is noble but also what is pleasant, for happiness consists of these two.—*Aristotle*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught left England yesterday for Egypt, where the Duke hopes to recover completely from the effects of his unfortunate motor-car accident. Everyone will wish them a pleasant tour and a safe return. Certainly the Duke is one of the most popular members of the Royal Family. He is before all things a soldier, and almost as well known to Tommy Atkins as Lord Roberts is. Perhaps his popularity with Tommy is due to the familiarity with which he treats him and his own fellow-officers. He is always ready for a joke, and a joke is welcomed in the Army as an oasis in the desert of military monotony.

The Duke is fond of rallying his brother-officers on their personal peculiarities. He once knew one of them who was unusually tall, and of Herculean build. This man received a telegram one day bidding him go out to Zululand, and his

face fell at the reception of it. "What's the matter, old fellow?" said the Duke. "Orders for Zululand," replied the colossus, mournfully. "Never mind that," said the Duke, "just think what a splendid meal you will make!" That joke had a sad sequel, for the officer in question never returned to England.

One of the most interesting of the many country-house parties this week is at Aske Hall, in Yorkshire, where Lord and Lady Zetland are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain. Lady Zetland is so tall and slender, with such pretty golden hair and such a youthful appearance, that one can scarcely believe she is the mother of two married daughters—Lady Southampton and Lady Fitzwilliam—and of a son, Lord Ronaldshay, who has made a name as a traveller and writer of books. Lady Zetland has no pronounced social ambitions. She regards elaborate entertainments as boring necessities, from which she escapes as far as possible. She likes best to gather a quiet party of intimate friends at Aske, and spend the time playing on her fine organ.

THE NEXT "TURN" IN THE FAR EAST VARIETY SHOW.



Port Arthur having capitulated, interest now centres on the Baltic Fleet. All eyes are again fixed on Admiral Rojdestvensky.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Sheil, the Retiring Westminster Magistrate.

AFTER twenty-five years as a London magistrate he retires to-day. He says he is sorry to do so. The habitual offenders who appear before him at Westminster are sorry, too. Only a few months ago, on his return to work after a temporary absence, an old woman who received a month's hard labour said, "We are all so glad to see you back, looking better."

The hoodlums of London are pleased he is retiring, however, for he had no pity on them. He is not a genial person in his professional capacity. He has a harsh manner and the quick temper of an Irishman, nor can he be called patient of argument. But he is not nearly so harsh as people imagined. When he has terrified the prisoner in the dock, his sentence is often lighter than that which another magistrate would have passed as though it were a joke.

In private life his Irish humour has full play, and the severe magistrate is the genial companion. And it is a part he looks better, too, than that of a magistrate. There is nothing magisterial about his appearance. He has the look of a retired Army officer. There is an air of general alertness about him. His face is strong and determined, his eye blue, keen, and penetrating, his voice sharp and incisive. His white hair is parted in the middle, his heavy iron-grey moustache hides his well-shaven mouth. He knows a good horse, can tell a good story, and is a bachelor. Till a very few years ago he was a noted sportsman and no mean athlete.

A good successor has been found for him, but he will be greatly missed, for magistrates as good as he are rare, and born, not made.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Two Hemispheres.

Amateur Sportsman: I say, did I hit anything that time? **Gamekeeper:** I think not, sir. There wasn't nothing in sight but the birds, sir.—*"Judge."*

Rich Relative: I hope you have finished sowing your wild oats and have begun to follow some respectable employment.

Scampage Nephew: I have, uncle. I am courting old Moneybags's daughter.—*"Journal Amusant"* (French).

"Do you know, I've heard that all these street pianos that you see and hear around town are owned by one company, which merely leases them by the day." **"The idea! That's a grinding monopoly, sure enough, isn't it?"**—*"Philadelphia Press."*

Doctor: Well, what's the matter?

Patient: I've lost my taste for tobacco.

Doctor: How can I help you?

Patient: If you forbade me to smoke, I think I might get some pleasure out of my pipe again.—*"Fliegende Blätter"* (German).

"Do you not sometimes have soulful yearnings which you long to convey in words, but cannot?" asked the sentimental girl.

"Yes, indeed," replied the young man. **"I was once dreadfully anxious to send home for money, but I didn't have the price of a telegram."**—*"Tit-Bits."*

there, and walking on the Yorkshire moors. Her husband is a keen fox-hunter and a skilful fisherman.

Americans see more of our dramatic geniuses than we do ourselves. They have again secured one of the most remarkable of them all in Mr. Albert Chevalier, who leaves England this week for another visit, business and pleasure combined, to the United States. Mr. Chevalier is the only music-hall singer we have in England who can compare with Mme. Yvette Guilbert in France. He can be comic, pathetic, and tragic with equal originality and power. His singing gives one the same sense of experience, of quiet insight into the ways of humanity as Mme. Guilbert's does. No doubt that because he has, in fact, seen and suffered much, having been poor as a reporter, a schoolmaster, and an actor, before becoming rich as a singer of coarser songs.

Perhaps the most unhappy time in his life was when he was touring on derisive salaries, in a small provincial company. Coming in the train once from Scotland to London, he had placed all his belongings—two parcels and a hatbox—on the rack, and he sat brooding over the future with no very cheerful presentiments. There was one fellow-traveller with him in the carriage. After observing him silently for a moment, this man said to him, "I'm thinking that you are an actor." Mr. Chevalier wanted to know why. "Because," said the man, "of your woebegone countenance—and your luggage."

Mr. Chevalier's most successful song is "My old Dutch." He was appearing in five London music-halls when he first sang that. At one of them—the Canterbury—he was greeted with hisses and howls. Mr. Chevalier accordingly struck it out of his list for that house, and determined not to sing it again there. The song became so famous, however, that the manager of the Canterbury asked for it. "I sang it here once," said Mr. Chevalier, "and they hissed it." "Nonsense," said the manager; "sing it again." He did, and this time it was applauded rapturously. Such are the ways of audiences!

Halton House, near Tring, the country seat where Mr. Alfred de Rothschild will begin to entertain a party of his friends to-day, is one of the most extraordinary art museums in England. As you walk about the broad corridors and in the beautifully furnished rooms you might fancy yourself at the Wallace Collection, at any rate as far as the paintings are concerned. "Mr. Alfred," as he is familiarly called, possesses French, Dutch, and English paintings by all the best masters. It gives one a very luxurious sensation to stroll, eat, and sleep surrounded by Gainsboroughs, Watteaus, and Vandykes.

As for mere curiosities, as distinct from works of art, Mr. de Rothschild has hundreds of them also. The most conspicuous curiosity is the circus in the grounds. It is about a hundred yards across, shaded by trees in the summer, and here, in the summer also, Mr. de Rothschild's garden-parties are entertained by performing monkeys, ponies, dogs, and gazelles. It is a wonderful sight. The chalet, which forms a greenroom for the circus performers, contains a marvellous clock, made like a tree, which plays tunes, sets silver birds flying in the branches, and a rivulet of water flowing. It is very surprising—and also very ugly.

Christmas and the New Year, the time for presents, are also particularly the time for Mr. George Manville Fenn to come into public notice, for his books are then being given to countless schoolboy readers, and their author yesterday reached the green old age of seventy-four. He is a tall, broad-shouldered man, who still holds himself erect, and looks out keenly from his grey-blue eyes and bushy eye-brows. He looks a little like an elder brother of the Duke of Norfolk, and his vitality and power of work are still amazing.

Mr. Manville Fenn spends his energetic old age at his pretty home at Isleworth. Syon Lodge is the scene of his favourite astronomical researches. He calls himself "the merest dabbler" in astronomy, but he nevertheless makes his own glasses, and spends hours observing the celestial world through them. That is his chief hobby, after the success of the plays written by his son, Mr. Frederick Fenn. No one ever deserved a leisurely old age better than this cheery old gentleman, who has written no fewer than 150 books, to be the delight of English schoolboys.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

JANUARY 4.—It is very desirable to have a tidy garden in winter, but we must not carry our love for tidiness too far. The faded leaves of many plants should not be removed, as they provide protection during severe weather. This is particularly the case with montbretias and "red-hot pokers." Many plants will need protecting now. Leaves, evergreen branches, sawdust, pine needles, ashes, are useful for this purpose.

By the way, it is a common practice in town gardens to cut the tops off the German iris leaves to make them "look neat." This has a deleterious effect on the plants, as it robs them of Nature's covering.

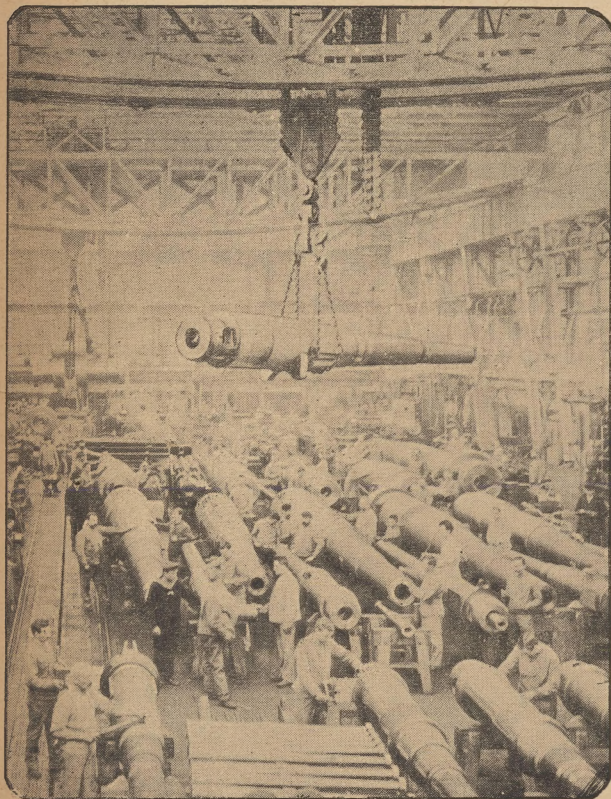
E. F. T.

JAPANESE OUTSIDE PORT ARTHUR.



The camp of the Japanese Third Army, to the north-east of Golden Hill, where the wounded in the later assaults were treated before being sent down to the base hospitals. In the midst of the camp is a Manchurian farmhouse.—(From stereograph, copyright by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.)

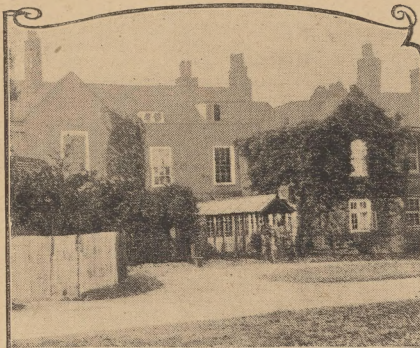
THE GUNS USED AT PORT ARTHUR.



This is a photograph of the Canet gun factory in France—one of the best and largest in the world—showing many of the guns as they were being made for use by the Russians in the colossal forts erected at Port Arthur.

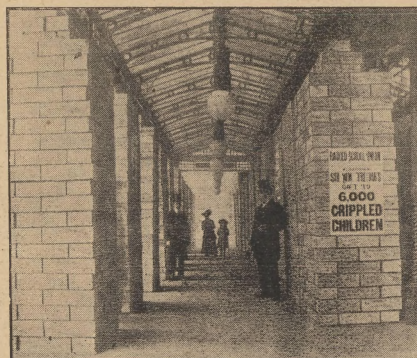
A DAYS DOING

A DIPLOMAT'S REWARD.



Sir Edmund Monson, as well as receiving a baronetcy on retiring from the post of British Ambassador at Paris, has been offered by the King the use of Thatched House Lodge, Richmond Park.

FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN.



In addition to 1,900 children who feasted at the Guildhall, 6,000 received cases full of good things through Alderman Sir W. Treloar's cripples' feast scheme.

THE KING'S BREW.



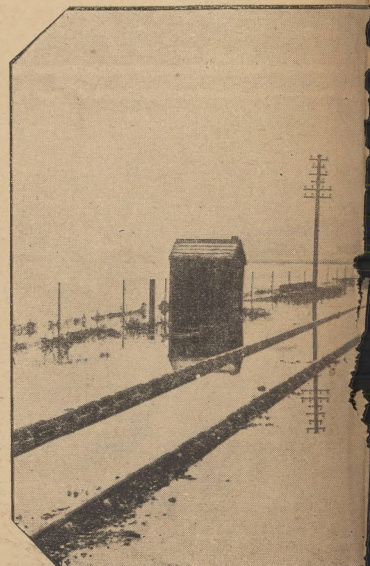
Sampling the ale brewed by his Majesty at his last visit to Messrs. Bass's, at Burton.

WORK FOR T



A large number of London unemployed are at the Salvation Army farm at Hadley, preparing for a still greater number of the unemployed. The illustration shows the fields digging up the frost-covered crop of spring vegetables.

THE THAM



Owing to the spreading of the floods, Purfleet is one of the worst of the world. The picture shows a portion of the flooded area.

PICTURED



DESTITUTE.



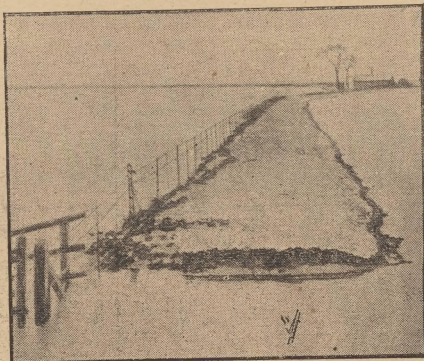
ed have been drafted to the
ot far from Southend, to
ho are shortly to be sent
of the men at work in the
and to prepare for an early
the London market.

THE HEROINE OF THE SIEGE.



Mme. Stoessel, wife of the gallant defender of Port Arthur, was herself wounded "on service."

AN INUNDATED FARM.



In the Thames estuary the low-lying country by Canvey Island has been completely flooded, the flood causing the destruction of a great quantity of live-stock. The extent of the inundation will be understood from the photograph.

FLOODS.



ely cut off from communication with the rest
erged railway line. Passengers could not get
arking.

LA JOLIE TITCOMB,



An artiste of European reputation who is making a great success at the new Lyceum.

ELECTIONEERING IN MILE END.



Election excitement is waxing high at Mile End, and the two parties are bombarding each other with inflammatory posters and pictures. Our photograph shows one of the depots of election "literature."

WINTER AT ST. MORITZ.



The most popular sport is ski-running. Great speeds can be attained in descending a slope, but the ski requires skilful management, or the result shown above is sure to come about.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

Russian War Party Undismayed by Port Arthur's Fall.

PEACE ADVOCATES MULTIPLY

(From Our Own Correspondent.)
ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—The great numbers of Russians who wanted peace want it more intensely now that Port Arthur has fallen. The even stronger party that wanted war is more determined than ever to persist to the end, however bitter. Such is the effect of the great disaster upon Russian opinion.

Two days before the fatal news was received, the "Novoye Vremya" described Port Arthur as "an incident in the campaign." That is the opinion of the war party. M. Sukhotin, the military expert, dared boldly to say over a month ago that the fortress would inevitably fall, adding optimistically, "The sooner the better." It will clear the air, and enable General Kuropatkin to wait patiently for reinforcements.

"The Japanese will be obliged either to stay on the Sha-ho indefinitely or attack Kuropatkin again. If they are defeated they will be driven south, and that will end their chance of success. If they win, it will be another Liao-yang, and the farther we are pushed north the greater the recoil when our time comes."

ALL DEPENDS ON THE RAILWAY.

The war party is gambling on the Siberian Railway. The railway, it was estimated, would supply 150,000 men. It has supplied 300,000.

Russia, everyone knows, has the men; and if the railway can transport and supply them, she must win in the end. For Japan has not the men. "We can play the Kilkenny cat game," says the war party, "and fight with the present armies until both the Japs and ourselves are annihilated. Then we will send out another army. Japan cannot."

All of which might be true were it not for the peace party, which has completely captured those mysterious Zemstvos, or local governments, which are Russian great organs of propaganda. The peace party look upon the fall of Port Arthur as the last blow to autocracy, the inefficiency of which has been finally exposed.

They believe that Japan's successes will continue, for how, runs their argument, can a Government which rules so weakly at home wage war successfully abroad?

GROWING PUBLIC OPINION.

To perpetrate a bull, it may be said that were it not for the war the Government could easily suppress the peace party. But it cannot do two things at once.

It cannot suppress public opinion at home and gain, at the same time, the popular support needed for the successful continuation of the struggle.

Everyone in Russia knows that the Government will temporise. It will trifle with the anti-Government feeling, and, at the same time, plan the vigorous prosecution of the campaign. It has two military assets, Spiesels's defence and Kuropatkin's triumphant retreats. It has the moral value of the first, and the material fruits of the second. As long as Kuropatkin's vast force is in being, Russia will not give way.

The war party is confident that the limits of Japanese success have now been reached. Japan's original plan, they are aware, was to attack Vladivostok after Port Arthur fell. Japan, they argue, has had sufficient experience of sieges. She can do nothing therefore save continue the struggle on the Sha-ho; and the worst conceivable result of this struggle will be the pushing of Kuropatkin back past Mukden. Her communications will become longer and harder to maintain, while Russia will be so much shorter. In the flat plains to the North the terrible Cossack will at last show his mettle. Japan will fail. Russia can be reinforced without cease.

RUSSIAN PRESS OPINIONS.

Russia has been struck by a thunderbolt.—"Novoye Vremya" (St. Petersburg).

The national pride of Russia has been stricken to the heart by this terrible fresh trial of its destiny. Without the co-operation of the people the Government cannot surmount this great national calamity. It is the absence of this alliance that has brought upon us the present disaster.—"Rus" (St. Petersburg).

It would have been better for orders to have been sent from St. Petersburg to the defenders of Port Arthur three months ago to send out the fleet to give battle to the enemy, even at the risk of being completely lost or rendered useless, and after having destroyed everything possible within the fortress to hand over only the remains to the enemy.—"Sviet" (St. Petersburg).

HOW TO TRACE PEDIGREES.

Arrangements have been made by the "Connoisseur," our premier art magazine, for a department, which will be conducted by Mr. A. Meredith Burke, and will be devoted to genealogy and heraldry. An announcement is made in the January number of this gazette, the effects of which the tracing of pedigree and the identification and verification of the accuracy of armorial bearings will come under the scope of this new department.

This bloodshed may perhaps be the signal for the expected dawn of Russia's social regeneration.—"Patria," Rome.

The honour of Russia, far from being impaired by the fall of Port Arthur, has been increased.—"République Française," Paris.

It may be doubted whether any immediate effects will be exercised in other parts of the field by the fall of Port Arthur.—"Daily Chronicle."

The defence of Port Arthur is one of the most brilliant military achievements of all ages.—"North-German Gazette."

It is to be hoped that the Russian Government will understand that it must immediately terminate a war which is lost in advance.—"Action," Paris.

YELLOW RACES REJOICE.

The consequences of the fall of Port Arthur will be incalculable, owing to the enthusiasm it will arouse among the yellow races.—"Petit Parisien," Paris.

It is to be expected that the Japanese having for the second time, and with enormous sacrifices, captured the place, will not abandon it.—"Messagero," Rome.

The fall of Port Arthur will probably cause a prolongation of the war, for Kuropatkin will find it very difficult to recapture the place.—"Eclair," Paris.

General Stoessel's action in blowing up the warships after he had offered to surrender leaves a lasting blot on his military reputation.—"Nichi-Nichi," Tokio.

Tarism hereforth stands condemned. It alone must bear the responsibility for the crushing reverses which its policy and its arms have sustained.—"Lanterne," Paris.

WAS IT WORTH THE SACRIFICE?

From a military point of view it is to be questioned whether the prize was worth all the sacrifice of men, money, and ships which it has cost Japan.—"Popolo Romano," Rome.

The destruction of the warships is mean and unlawful, and should deprive General Stoessel of any military honours at the hands of his captors.—"Jiji-Shimpo," Tokio.

In taking Port Arthur the Japanese produce an effect upon one-third of the population of the globe which Western parochialism perhaps finds it hard to understand or appraise.—"Times."

Mr. Roosevelt is perfectly willing to use his good offices for peace in the Far East. Russia and Japan have been made fully aware of the pleasure it would give him to do so. The Government believes to-night that an armistice is practically assured before the end of this week.—Washington correspondent of the "New York Tribune."

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,

Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

CHAPTER LIX.
The Open Window.

"How long did you say?"
Lady Gascoyne, propped up in bed, asked this question in a shadowy voice, as she looked from hollowed eyes, with a faint amusement, at her thin, claw-like hand.

"This is the eighth day," answered Mrs. La Grange. "You have been very ill indeed. We were all very much afraid about you for several days. You will soon be well now if you are very, very careful."

"It is very hot in here," said the invalid, as she looked from the fire to the tightly-sealed windows. Then she caught her breath as though in pain. "You must put up with that, dear," said Mrs. La Grange, as she arranged the covering about the invalid's shoulders. "There's a keen east wind on—one breath of it—it would waltz you away—my poor dear."

Mrs. La Grange tried to speak lightly, but there was a throb in her throat. She was very fond of her friend, after all, and Rosamond was far from being out of danger.

"I wish you'd open the window," pleaded Lady Gascoyne fretfully.

"On no account. That is the one thing that must not be done. Cold air is not for those who are recovering from pneumonia."

"You can't! She's in London with Lady Chet-nole. She was worn out, she had to have a change."

"Gone away," wailed Lady Gascoyne, "when I

have been so ill. Gertrude never did care for me.

Mrs. La Grange made no comment. She had inferred from what she had heard from the army of nurses that some gloomy mystery lay over the place, that it was enveloped in some sombre shadow other than that thrown by the death of its master.

"I seem to remember," said the invalid, evidently struggling to gather recollection. "We came over from Wells—"

"Yes, eight days ago, in a pouring rain. You caught cold. Well, dear, you've pulled through beautifully; you will have to be very patient and lie quite still for some time yet. All we have to do is to keep you warm."

"Alanson didn't come that night. We waited for him such a long time. Where is he? I want to see him."

Hermione La Grange was not certain even yet that the moment had come. She tried to turn the subject from him. Again and again did the invalid return to it; and then at last Mrs. La Grange told her. She did not seem to understand.

"That can't be, that's absurd, Hermoine," cried the invalid petulantly. "How could he be buried from here and I not know anything about it?"

"You forget, dear, how ill you have been. You were delirious or unconscious all the time. I was not here, but, of course, there were many accounts of it in the newspapers. Everywhere great sympathy has been expressed for you."

"I like to feel that my friends are interested in me," murmured Lady Gascoyne, with a faint smile of gratification; and soon after she dropped off to slumber. When she opened her eyes again it all had to be repeated to her, and this time she showed more feeling, and displayed more interest in the details of the accident.

Several times did Lady Gascoyne attempt to frame a certain question, but she could not. Her eyes followed Mrs. La Grange as the latter moved about the room with a newly-awakened, beseeching misery. At last Mrs. La Grange responded to the unspoken inquiry.

ITALY FULL OF ADMIRATION.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ROME, Tuesday.—Nothing but admiration is to be heard here for the gallant defence and equally brilliant capture of Port Arthur. The action of General Stoessel in destroying the fleet is commented upon, but the general praise centres all criticism. The hope is expressed on all hands that the moment for peace negotiations is at hand.

AUSTRIA THINKS PEACE POSSIBLE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

VIENNA, Tuesday.—In the Press this morning and the streets and cafés all day the talk has been on the chances of peace. The general belief is that now is the moment at which Japan could propose terms to Russia. It is not even suggested that the proposals will come from the Tsar, but it is thought probable that he may accept them.

OPTIMISM IN AMERICA.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Tuesday.—The public here, led by most of the newspapers, is optimistic about peace prospects. It does not seem to realise that Russia has no more intention of giving way now than Britain had after the Boer successes in 1899.

Everybody praises Mr. Roosevelt for being ready to act as arbitrator. Only the well-informed know that he is not in the least likely to be called upon. Men of business are those least pleased at Japan's success. They know that they will find in her before many years a formidable competitor in trade all over the world.

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(Continued from page 11.)

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Capt. Soulbey, who resides at 10, Colman-st., Hull, writes as follows in reference to this method of cure: "I had a double scrotal rupture when 20 years of age, and for 40 years tried several trusses, but as my age advanced my ruptures got worse. When in London in June last year, I obtained the Rice Method of Cure, and by the end of last December my rupture had entirely gone. It has not been down for nearly 12 months, although at present I am troubled with a severe bronchial cough. I can go about without any truss. My age at present is 60 years."

The Rice Method is fully described in a book which is sent free to every sufferer upon application. Send for it at once. In the meantime, write to Capt. Soulbey if you wish, and find out for yourself if the above is a true statement. You cannot afford to let your rupture go without proper treatment. Don't put it off any longer. Write at once now—

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to W. S. RICE, Rupture Specialist (Dept. 2067), Stonecutter-st., London, E.C., before you forget the address.

now—

to W. S. RICE, Rupture Specialist (Dept. 2067), Stonecutter-st., London, E.C., before you forget the address.

now—

to W. S. RICE,

PORT ARTHUR'S BILL—£150,000,000.

What the Fortress Has Cost in
Blood and Treasure.

160,000 KILLED.

No Less Than Thirty Millions Were Spent
on Fortifications and Guns.

Port Arthur has been twice taken by storm within a period of ten years, a fact to which history presents no parallel, and the losses incurred in capturing it, both in blood and treasure, are well-nigh incredible.

In the Chino-Japanese war Field-Marshal Oyama, then in command of the Japanese Second Army, took it on November 21, 1894, the assault, owing to the puerility of the Chinese defence, only lasting for ten hours. Li Hung Chang, the greatest statesman China has produced, had selected, on the advice of a German engineer, Port Arthur as a naval base, and had spent a sum of £20,000,000 upon its harbour and fortifications.

But this immense sum only represents part of the cost, because it does not take into account the labour of innumerable Chinese coolies.

WHEN FIRST CAPTURED.

The losses of the Japanese in their first capture of the fortress were insignificant, being 270. The Chinese lost 330 guns, and 3,000 men perished in the actual assault, but many thousands afterwards were massacred owing to the Japanese soldiery, maddened by seeing the mutilated bodies of their comrades displayed on posts, getting completely beyond the control of their officers.

It may be pointed out as showing the small losses of the Japanese in the last war, that out of the 340,000 men Japan put into the field in Korea and Manchuria she had no more than 1,000 actually killed in the fighting.

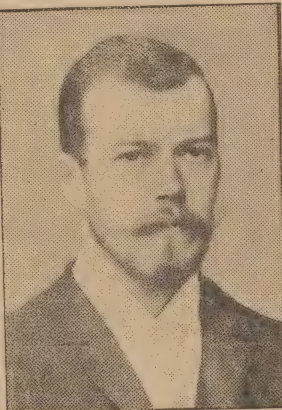
As the Chinese Fleet had left Port Arthur for Wei-hai-Wei before the Japanese attack, Marshal Oyama had no warships of the enemy to report as captured or sunk. But his triumph was conspicuous, inasmuch as the fortifications of Port Arthur were but little damaged, and it was therefore an easy matter to put them into splendid military order. Soon after its being taken the Japanese had made it stronger than it had been before.

Then, as everybody knows, no sooner were peace terms arranged than Russia, aided by France and Germany, compelled the Japanese to yield back Port Arthur to China, receiving in return, however, two millions sterling increase in the indemnity money. Only a short time passed, and Russia quietly occupied Port Arthur—a great insult and offence to Japan, which she never forgave. It is not too much to say that all the lives lost and

treasure spent on this fortress, and the enormous amount spent on ammunition and other material of war by both Japanese and Russians, it does not seem too bold to hazard the statement that Port Arthur during the past ten years represents, one way and another, an expenditure of £150,000,000, and has involved the death or disability of at least 160,000 human beings.

To this gigantic total there must be added another huge financial item—viz., the cost of the

THE HARASSED TSAR.



Reports of another attempt on his life were about yesterday. Fortunately they were unfounded.—(W. and D. Downey.)

battleships and other vessels of war belonging to the Port Arthur Fleet which have been lost. Besides lesser craft, six battleships and seven cruisers have disappeared, the value of which equalled £10,000,000 at the very lowest estimate.

The Russian and Japanese losses at sea in men were comparatively small—probably 2,500 killed, drowned, and wounded would cover them. It is in the land fighting, where the casualties have been most severe, that the figures reach gigantic proportions. The Japanese began the siege with a force of 75,000 men, and since last July a continual flow of reinforcements has set in from Japan, keeping up and even going beyond that huge number.

It is not probable that the whole truth will ever be known, but, speaking roughly, Port Arthur has cost the belligerents in men—killed, wounded, and

appalling dwell, on which all humane eyes will dwell.

When to the figures already given is added the amount spent on ammunition and other material of war by both Japanese and Russians, it does not seem too bold to hazard the statement that Port Arthur during the past ten years represents, one way and another, an expenditure of £150,000,000, and has involved the death or disability of at least 160,000 human beings.

IS SINGLE LIFE A SUCCESS?

Further Selection from a Mass of Answers
to This Question.

No, it is not. Death bereft me of mother and sister in five months (my father died when I was a child), and having sufficient means I tried a life of singleness, living with just a servant in the old home.

I was lonely, for the best of friends are not your home folks; self-centred, for how could it be otherwise, and wholly wretched; when Providence brought into my path a man for whom I could care, I married him, and after four years' married life, with a good husband and four children, I say to the lonely woman,
GO AND DO LIKEWISE.

This question about single as compared with married life seems to me to have been finally and epigrammatically answered by Disraeli. He makes one of his characters in "Lothair" say this: "All women ought to marry—and no men."

That is indeed the point. Single life is an immense success, the best of possible lives—for men. And precisely the same is to be said of wedded life—for women.

Matlock.

RICHARD JERVIS.

Your correspondent, "Contented Bachelor," had better remain so for his own sake, if he considers "no one but himself." One of the important factors of married happiness is the principle of give-and-take.

What a happy Christmas "Contented Bachelor" must have had without the company of children, who are, let me tell him, not "always ill or in mischief," but are more often a source of happiness when properly brought up. F. STOREY.
29, Monney-road, N.

The woman is what man likes to make her. Behave well to her and you will in nine cases out of ten receive the kindness and love that is due to husband and children.

In our house we are bringing up a large family on a small income. Still we are contented, not like old maids and bachelors. I would not be single again for a gold watch as big as a frying-pan. A. F.

Hull.

"Will 'Contented Bachelor' answer this question: Would he rather return home from the day of toil to his lodging or to his own little home, with a loving wife to welcome him?"

THIRTY-YEAR-OLD BACHELOR.

Bedford-place, Rye, Sussex.

The Concluding Chapter of a Strange Story of Suicide or Murder.

Our history of the Syveton mystery so far as the mystery has gone concludes to-day.

PART VI.

It was not until some days after the death of M. Syveton that Paris awoke to the full possibilities of "l'affaire Syveton" as a mystery.

Beyond the circle of M. Syveton's relatives and intimate friends it was the "first mystery" theory that first met with general acceptance. Mme. Syveton had declared that the thing was an accident, and there seemed no reason to doubt her explanation of the matter.

Then the story of the unhappy relations between M. Syveton, his step-daughter, and her husband, M. Menard, was spread abroad.

With those who saw the scene before the gas stove the rest of Paris then said: "M. Syveton's 'est suicide'!"

According to the French custom all those who could, by any possibility, throw any light on the matter were examined again and again before a magistrate, and were made to repeat their stories in front of one another.

The story of Mme. Syveton did not agree with that of M. Tholmer, a gentleman in a position to know certain facts connected with M. Syveton's last hours.

WAS IT MURDER?

Suddenly the word "assassinat" was whispered, and almost immediately the adherents of the theory of a "crime" became as numerous as those who still maintained "suicide."

It was stated that a warrant for the arrest of two people known as "X" had been granted.

In the meantime the papers and effects of those connected, even indirectly, with M. Syveton, had been ransacked. At the house of the Mémé, cyanide of potassium was discovered, and M. Menard explained its presence by declaring that at one time he had intended to kill himself.

Mention of the words, "cyanide of potassium," immediately set the Parisians at work building a new theory. Was it not possible that M. Syveton was first poisoned, and "the crime" did not allege that M. Syveton had been done to death without knowing what was happening. They rather suggested that he had been forced to commit suicide. Cyanide of potassium, made the scene before the stove

simply. To add to the plausibility of the cyanide theory there came the statement that poisoning by cyanide of potassium had many symptoms in common with poisoning and suffocation by oxide of carbon.

While these theories were being eagerly debated there came the sensational assertion on the part of Mme. Syveton that her husband had been guilty of embezzlement of public funds.

"Suicide" or "assassinat"? Perhaps the true answer will never be known.

THE END.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

(Continued from page 10.)

"He is waiting with fortitude, I hear," she said in a low voice. "I think Mr. Mordaunt has been allowed to see him once, and reports him as looking well, and as not breaking down at all. By the way, Rosamond, Alanson has been very generous to you in his will."

Mrs. La Grange saw that her attempted diversion had been unsuccessful. The listener was not listening; nevertheless, she persevered.

"He has left you," she continued, "a life interest in everything. You practically have it all, I understand, as long as you live. Then he has done very handsomely by Roderick—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted the invalid, remembering that she was a mother, "dear old chap, how is he?"

"Oh, very well indeed. He's here now in the house. When they became anxious about you they sent for him. If you feel well enough to-morrow he might look in for a few minutes."

"Yes," said his mother wearily, "to-morrow—I should like him to come then. I wish you would open the window."

"No, indeed—I tell you, Rosamond, it is death to you—nothing more nor less than that. Those were the doctor's very words."

"Doctors are very arbitrary," said the invalid, impatiently. "Roderick is provided for, you say?"

Lady Gascoyne seemed to be trying to think something out, but ideas seemed to desert from her, and it was only after a long time that she was able to frame the question which Hermione La Grange had foreseen. She knew precisely what was meant when she heard faltering words asking when it would be.

"I cannot tell you the date," she answered in a low voice.

"But it will come, soon, soon," cried Lady Gascoyne, with more animation than she had yet shown. "It will come long before I can get out, will it not? I do not know about these things. I had never thought to learn."

Mrs. La Grange had determined on telling the blunt truth. She had come to that house of woe making many inferences, inferring pretty how

matters stood. She had been careful to prepare herself for any possible request that might come when the invalid should recover sufficiently to make it. With the frankness natural to moments of calamity Mrs. La Grange had spoken straight from the shoulder to Hugh Mordaunt.

"I guess at many things," she had said; "she will awaken to consciousness in a few hours. I am prepared to be the one who is at her side in that moment. Her life will hang by a thread for days. Gertrude's absence, your manner, show me that you both have a deep feeling against her. It is natural, but neither you nor Gertrude seek petty vengeance on one in her condition; and both of you, of course, wish to do everything you can to prevent anything from being known."

Mordaunt was astonished at the feeling displayed by Mrs. La Grange, whom he had thought incapable of depth. He was surprised also at her clear, worldly sense. For the sake of the memory of Alanson Gascoyne he told her that he was prepared to co-operate with her in what she should think was necessary to be done.

"That's right," Mrs. La Grange had said; "that's the true point of view. You and Gertrude may take what attitude you like after Richard Deverill has gone to his first account—after she is recovered. In the meantime, she will not be able to control herself easily. She may say or do imprudent things if she is crossed. Perhaps—who knows—she may give no sign of awakened memory until all his over with him. If she should remember, however, she will wish to send him a message. She should have her way in this. If I suggested she might make some attempt to send it to him, might make him, through a bribed nurse, or a servant. It might fall into wrong hands."

"I must do as you say," Mordaunt had answered. "Tell her I will take it, but explain to her that access to him is not easy, and that I can only see him in the presence of others—that the message must be guarded and short." Right like this enabled Mrs. La Grange to give definite reply to Lady Gascoyne's question. She repeated what Mordaunt had said.

"I think," murmured the invalid, as her eyes drooped from exhaustion, "that I will rest now, if you don't mind. You are very kind, Hermione—kinder to me than I deserve." Then she fell asleep.

The next morning she seemed to feel somewhat

better. The doctor gave an encouraging report; she would shortly be absolutely out of danger, he said.

She gave proof of her improvement by showing interest in her appearance.

"I am to see my boy this morning," she said to the nurse, "and I don't want to frighten him too much. I suppose I look very badly indeed, don't I?"

She looked round the room as she spoke, but her hint was not accepted. No mirror was held in front of her. In truth, the ravages of illness had been great. Mrs. La Grange, who knew her well, tutored little Roderick in his part.

"You will find her much changed," she said, "and she will try and read, in your first look at her, just how much altered she is. You must not think of that. You must not give any sign. You must just act just as though she looks as she did when you last saw her. You know invalids must be humoured."

The boy kept his promise manfully. Everything happened as Mrs. La Grange had foreseen. His absence of astonishment was a perfect tonic to his nerves. She became quite excited as he sat by the bedside and took one of her thin hands in his.

"My poor boy," she said, "you are very lonely—you miss me, don't you?"

He bit his lips, and his eyes filled with tears as he nodded his round, curly head.

"He loved you very dearly," she continued, "and you loved him. I know that. I always want you to remember all through your life, whenever you are not quite sure what you ought to do about anything—always try and think what he would do if he were in your place. You cannot have a better guide. I do not wish to frighten you, my boy, but it may be that I shall follow him soon."

"Oh, no," he started up and peered in consternation into her eyes. "They told me you were better, mother—they said that you would get well. You mustn't say things like that."

Appalled, as boyhood always is, at the idea of approaching death, he flung himself down by the side of the bed and wept convulsively, while his mother's hand rested on his head. "If only I knew," she said, "how welcome it will be to me, you would not shed a tear, Roderick. I always want you to think of me with love, and to honour and to cherish my memory. Be sincere, be manly, be honest; as he always was. Never do

anything that you should be ashamed that he should know. And, Roderick, never, never deceive those who love and trust you."

Her voice faltered as she uttered these words. Then she lay quiet for some time with closed eyes, while the storm of grief in the boy's heart exhausted itself.

When at last he became more composed, she told him that she wanted him to help her to write a note. She directed him how to support her with pillows so that she might sit upright. She even smiled at his eager, clumsy attempts to carry out her wishes.

"That will do nicely," she said, as she panted for breath. "Now you go over there and sit down by the window while I write. I'm afraid it will take me some time. See how your poor old mother's hand trembles."

It took her a long, long half-hour to write that note. From time to time she stopped, overwhelmed by emotion; and each time she paused she looked up hastily and found her son's eyes fixed on her. Then, with a strong effort, she would manage to conceal her feelings, and would resume the heavy labour of fashioning letters with a pencil which almost refused to do her bidding.

At last it was finished. She folded it in an envelope with difficulty, and asked him to place it in an envelope for her.

"Now I want you, Roderick," she said, "to take this over to Mr. Mordaunt's place. You are to find him and give it into his own hands—you'll remember, won't you?—into his own hands when he is alone. Tell him it is from me."

"Yes, mother. Am I to take it now?"

"Yes, now. Kiss me before you go."

She tried to throw her feeble arms about his neck, but she could not lift them.

"Remember," she whispered. "Follow his footsteps. Now go."

He turned and walked slowly across the room with bowed head and heavy shoulders.

"Oh, Roderick," she cried, "it's so stuffy here. Throw open the windows—yes—both—wide. That's right. Go now—quickly—"

He closed the door behind him, and she fell back on the pillows and turned wide-open and staring eyes towards the open windows.

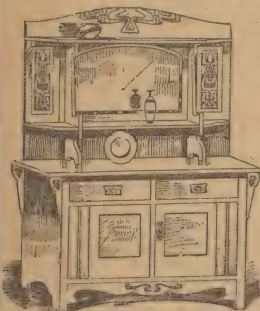
"They can come in now," she murmured, and then she closed her eyes.

(To be continued.)

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HOUSEWIFERY, PART OF A DAUGHTER'S EDUCATION—THREE PRETTY BLOUSES.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

HOW THE LAST TERM SHOULD BE SPENT.

When a girl reaches her seventeenth or eighteenth birthday her parents begin to think of taking her away from school. But, unfortunately, they do not reflect that, besides the erudite subjects and the accomplishments of which their daughter is a mistress, she should be made conversant with the housewifely duties she will probably have to shine in after her schooldays are over, and so when she reaches home she is stranded with nothing to do, though with plenty of energy ready to be expended.

An Education That Is Incomplete.

It is not my intention to decry in any sense the higher education of women, but to argue that the highest education must comprise practical instruction in woman's predestined vocation. I assume that the mission of women is to become homemakers.

Yet it is painfully evident that women are becoming less and less contented in their allotted sphere. This is chiefly because they lack education on the right lines. Any undertaking, to be successful, necessitates a thorough knowledge of all its branches; and it is unfair to expect a woman to fill a responsible position without any understanding of its fundamental requirements.

A girl fresh from college, versed in Greek and Latin, familiar with psychology and sociology, may pose as a brilliant success at college and as a dire failure in the home, and very likely the blame will outweigh the praise, for it is a part of the educational injustice of things that the new woman should be expected to fit into old grooves.

She marries, of course, and assumes the reins of a government of which she is utterly ignorant. When her inefficiency becomes troublesome she is criticised, while in simple justice she should receive only sympathy.

Mothers, perhaps themselves models of housewifely ability, strain every nerve to give their girls all the advantages of the gentler arts and excuse a lack of household training on the plea that mathematics leave no time for home duties, and then, when domestic troubles arise, they wonder why their daughters should not have inherited any of their own capable qualities.

One Cause of Servant Troubles.

This is all wrong. Girls who are presumably to become wives and mothers and the mistresses of homes should be taught carefully the duties pertaining to their calling. Very much is written about congenial companionship and the wife being the intellectual equal of her husband, but she will never be one whit the less so for knowing how to ensure her material comfort and being able judiciously to handle the finances of the household.

The average woman lacks knowledge of business tactics, and it seldom even dawns upon her that housekeeping is a business proposition pure and simple, with herself as an active partner. She has little knowledge of economics and no system. Her extravagances and economies are alike spasmodic, as are also her attempts at method and reform. Servant troubles are a sequence, for servants, unlike poets, are made, not born, and a mistress who knows less than a maid is at a sad disadvantage.

A man works upon certain lines towards a certain end. It is never taken for granted that because a man is a good linguist he will be a good engineer, or that proficiency in classics will involve the shrewdness of a bank manager. A man receives training and experience of a specific kind for a specific profession, and should not the same hold good for a girl? Is it unreasonable that women should have need of the same assistance towards success? The home is the corner-stone of the nation, and under the weight of the so-called higher education that corner-stone seems to be in danger of becoming a trifle shaky.

MUFFS OF MANY PATTERNS.

The muff is an important item of the fashionable woman's fur supply, and for several seasons past has been coming more and more into evidence as the final touch of a costume's completion. The milliners and dressmakers, as well as the furriers, have entered into the spirit of the demand, and muffs made entirely of velvet, lace, chiffon, and so forth are by no means uncommon, though the smartest muffs have at least a fur trimming, if not a foundation of fur.

Ermine, chinchilla, sable, and mink are first favourites, and more is done with sealskin than during recent seasons, while beaver is once more prominent. Mole-skin and squirrel are little seen in the most exclusive shops, but the ermine without tails, and white, brown, and grey shorn caracul are worked into effective combinations with velvet and chiffon.

The altogether fur muffs of the season achieve an unprecedented variety of form, for all last winter's



The above blouse would account well for a sale remnant, and particularly so if pale blue Bolienne were used with wreaths of cream lace, and a lace flounce as trimmings.

The blue and white Delaine Shirt shown above is strapped upon the shoulders and is adorned upon the cross-over front with panne passementerie. The collar and cuffs are of blue panne.

On the left a very graceful Afternoon Toilette is shown, made of elephant grey cloth, with velvet bands as adornments and an embroidered linen collar, vest, and cuffs.

USEFUL HINTS.

INFORMATION ON MANY TOPICS.

A little alum added to the stove polish helps to keep the stove bright and shiny.

The water in which onions have been boiled is excellent for cleaning gilt frames.

Borax in the water will make fine flannels look like new and will not shrink them.

To clean smoky marble brush a paste of chloride of lime, and water it over the surface of the marble.

Salt in the oven placed under the baking-tins will prevent the pastry from scorching at the bottom.

A paste of common baking soda and water spread on a burn will stop the pain and inflammation almost immediately.

When it is necessary to pour boiling water into a tumbler, put in a teaspoon first, and there will be less danger of the glass cracking.

To give pie pastry a brown, flaky appearance, put about one and a half teaspoonful of milk on the top of it, when the pie is ready to be baked, spreading it over the surface well.

To clean fine cut jet trimming that looks dull brush it with an old toothbrush that has been dipped in alcohol; or moisten a piece of cotton with sweet oil, rub off the dirt, and polish it with a camellia leather.

Soiled kitchen towels will become white if treated as follows. Cover them with cold water, put them at the back of the stove, add one tablespoonful of white soap shaved and the juice of half a lemon to them, let them come to a boil gradually, then rinse them—first in tepid water and then in cold.

THE GIRLS

Should Be Thoroughly Fed.

Anemia is only another name for "starved blood," or rather a lack of proper nourishment to those organs which make rich red blood.

Many young girls suffer in this way, and fond mothers can save anxious hours and untold suffering to the daughter if only proper care is taken to select a scientific food like Grape-Nuts, which so quickly and surely rebuilds the system.

Every ounce of Grape-Nuts counts in renewing the brain and nerve tissues, and it is so prepared that it is easily digested by even those much reduced by illness.

A general officer's daughter gives an interesting account of the benefit she received from the use of Grape-Nuts. She says:—

"I have taken your Grape-Nuts food for three months, and can speak highly of its nourishing and invigorating qualities."

"I was very much out of health last winter, grew very thin and weak, and was unable for any exertion. I felt always so tired that my life was really a burden to me. I tried various tonics, but they were of very little use."

"A friend recommended me to try Grape-Nuts as she had found it very efficacious for a delicate child of her own, and, fortunately for myself, I took her advice."

"I am now able to take long walks and bicycle rides, I have gained in weight and am not nearly so thin, and feel fifty times as vigorous in mind and body."

"I highly recommend your Grape-Nuts food for all delicate and anemic girls."

"I have now a bright colour and feel and look thoroughly healthy."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 60, Shoe Lane, E.C.

many models are in use, as well as modifications of these models and some actual novelties.

The big granny muff in bearskin and the other long-haired furs are associated chiefly with the round boss, which are to some extent reinstated in favour. The melon-shaped muff has its admirers, and is made up in chinchilla more often than in any other fur, but nine out of ten of the new muffs are comparatively flat and unstiffened.

The bag muff, seen occasionally last winter, is one of the most striking of this season's novelties, and many changes are rung upon the central idea. The fur bag drawn up at the top by cord or ribbon, with an upstanding heading above the cord and openings at the back through which the hands may be slipped, is made most frequently in ermine or chinchilla, but appears in all the short-hair furs, and even in mink and sable. The bag muff is also made without the upstanding heading of fur.

Sable Muffs Quite Plain.

Many women prefer their fine sable muffs to be quite plain; flat, soft, slightly wider at the bottom than at the top and capable of being gathered up still more closely at the top by the hands. Mink and chinchilla are also popular in this latter form, and are so sewn that the fur runs round the muff in shaded lines of dark and light.

Heads and tails are far less prominent on this winter's muffs than last. In point of fact, heads are no longer at all modish.

Soft, flat muffs with frills at the ends are many, and are fashioned in all the fine furs, though they are seen at their best in chinchilla, seal, and the other pliable short furs which will fall in graceful frills. Chiffon frills are deemed far more smart than lace ones.

J.P.

Those suffering from weaknesses which destroy the pleasures of life should take Juven Pills. One box will tell a story of marvellous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever been offered. Sent post-paid in plain package only by receipt of this adv. and 4s. 6d.

C. I. Hood and Co., Ltd., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Dept. 32, 34, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

BOVRIL

for colds, chills and winter ills.

Liver Disorder

INDIGESTION AND DIZZINESS CURED.

The commonest form of Liver Complaint is Congestion—the disorder which causes headache, biliousness, pain in the side, dizziness, nausea, and a host of other serious symptoms. Normally the liver contains about one-third of all the blood in the body. When congestion is caused, by cold, by improper feeding, or by anything else, more blood is forced into the liver, it becomes "congested," and causes drowsiness, and all the symptoms described above.

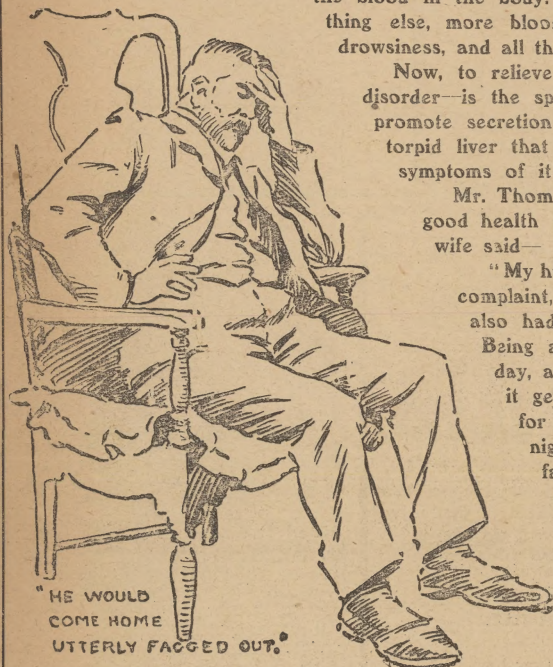
Now, to relieve this congestion—to rid the body of all traces and effects of liver disorder—is the special purpose of Bile Beans. They gently operate on the bowels, promote secretion of the digestive juices, rectify the bile flow, and so stimulate the torpid liver that proper circulation is re-commenced, congestion relieved, and all the symptoms of it disappear. Thousands of cures prove this.

Mr. Thompson, a foreman spinner, of Gelderd Road, Leeds, owes his present good health to Bile Beans. Telling of his cure, his wife said—

"My husband suffered for many years from liver complaint, dizziness, and indigestion. He had also had spasms and a bad attack of jaundice. Being a spinner, he had to be on his feet all day, and he would say to me, 'As soon as it gets to dinner time I wish it was night, for I can hardly drag myself about.' When night came he would come home utterly fagged out—with no appetite, and no interest in anything. He suffered from sleeplessness, too, and pains in the stomach. Anything in the nature of pastry and confectionery—well, if he had the least bit I used fairly to cringe, for I knew what it would mean later. At last he determined to try Bile Beans for Biliousness. He got some, and began taking them. The first few doses did him pounds of good. Soon after beginning to take them his spasms stopped altogether. Then he ceased having pains after meals; and as he continued to take the medicine regularly the tired feeling he had so long complained of left him entirely. At the present time he is not like the same man. Bile Beans have done more for him than we could have hoped for."

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE.

Are you in doubt as to whether Bile Beans are suitable for your case? If so, write for Free Advice from our qualified medical staff. State age, and if Mrs., Mr., or Miss, and your application will be carefully and properly dealt with. Address: Medical, Bile Bean Co., Leeds.



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ANAEMIA

"I had no life in me," said Miss Tomlinson, "my blood seemed to have turned into water, and the colour of my skin was almost green. I was more dead than alive, and I could not possibly have kept my place had it not been for the willing assistance of my companions, who lost no opportunity of helping me in my work. I began to loathe my food; it was labour for me to stand up, and my face became disfigured with dark, red spots as large as a sixpence. I kept taking the prescription of my medical attendant with very little relief."

"I went to Blackpool for a week, and the change did me a little good, but after I came back home I was as bad as ever. Work was now out of the question, and my face became so

Miss A. Tomlinson, of Eliza Annst, Rochdale Road, Manchester, in the course of an interview with a "Manchester Chronicle" reporter, gave the following details of her cure by Bile Beans.

bad with the blotches that I was ashamed to go into the street. The languor was so overpowering and the shortness of breath so distressing, that I thought the end must be very near. At this time Bile Beans were brought under my notice, and I sent for some. The first box did me some good, so I bought more. Slowly the disfigurement disappeared, my appetite returned, and my blood became richer. I persevered with the medicine, and I steadily regained my strength, until I was well and hearty, and delighted in my work. My recovery is solely due to Bile Beans. They have restored me when at death's door, and I shall never cease to be grateful to them for my cure."

**SAMPLE
BOX
FREE.**

Are you desirous of testing the merits of Bile Beans for Biliousness free of cost? You can do so by sending your name and address, the accompanying Coupon, and 1d. (to cover return postage) to the Bile Bean Co., Greek-street, Leeds.

COUPON

"Daily Mirror,"
4/1/05.

Bile Beans are a Certain Cure for

Headache, Constipation, Piles, Colds, Liver Chills, Influenza, Rheumatism, Liver Troubles, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence, Dizziness, Debility, Sleeplessness, and Anemia. Of all Medicine Vendors, or post free from the Bile Bean Co., Red Cross-st., London, E.C. on receipt of price 1s. 1½d., or large family size 2s. 9d. per box (2s. 9d. size contains three times quantity 1s. 1½d.). Bile Beans are NOT sold LOOSE, being put up in sealed boxes only.

Bile Beans